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LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1842.

REVIEWS

CHILDREN'S EMPLOYMENT COMMISSION.

First Report of the Commissioners. Appendix to Report. Presented by Her Majesty's Command to both Houses of Parliament.

THIS Report, with the Appendix, contains more than 2000 folio pages, and relates exclusively to Mines. The investigation supplies most important information as to the condition of our industrial economy, without which our knowledge was necessarily imperfect; and apart from which, no comprehensive estimate could be made of the actual or relative condition of labour in this country. The philanthropist and the economist are alike indebted to Lord Ashley for this necessary completion of that benevolent design, of which the Factory Act was the beginning—a beginning albeit at the wrong end, as these Reports on Collieries will abundantly testify. The express objects of the investigation, according to the terms of the royal commission, were—"to collect information as to the ages at which the objects of it are employed, the number of hours they are engaged in work, the time allowed each day for meals; as to their actual state, condition, and treatment; and as to the effects of such employment, both with regard to their morals and their bodily health." A wider latitude of inquiry has however been taken, and the entire field of mineral industry, its condition, and some of its remedies, have been explored and discussed.

To Mr. Thomas Tooke, the author of the work on Prices,—to Dr. Southwood Smith,—Mr. Leonard Horner, and Mr. Robert Saunders, the Factory Inspectors, the commission intrusted the duty of reporting finally to the Queen. They constituted, with the aid of Mr. J. Fletcher, as Secretary, a Central Board. Contrary to the usual practice, the power of selecting their own assistant commissioners was not given to the Central Board, but reserved by the Secretary of State, who appointed several gentlemen to execute the local investigation in different districts, and whose Reports are separately published. As the duty of investigating the different varieties of mines, (especially those least easy of access and most needing investigation,) together with that of the moral condition and educational acquirements of the mineral community, required a combination of qualities in the inspector, not always possessed by the objects of government patronage, a marked difference exists amongst the Reports of the visiting Commissioners. As it is our object to give a catholic and condensed view of the subject, for the purpose of information rather than of criticism, we shall dispense with anything like a formal analysis of a mass of reports and evidence, spreading over two thousand folio pages, extracting merely the pith of the matter, where we can best find it.

The inquiry was two-fold, viz. physical and moral. In order to comprehend the physical part of the subject, some knowledge is requisite of the character and of the general management of mines, and the mode of working out the coal. Northumberland and Yorkshire exhibit nearly all the different varieties in working coal pits, and to the Reports on these districts (the most important in England) we shall first refer.

In his Report on the Durham coal field, Dr. Mitchell compares a colliery to an old-fashioned window-frame, of which the bars represent the galleries excavated from the coal, and the small glass panes the parallelograms of solid coal, which remain till the field has been entirely intersected by the galleries or roads; and then as much of the remaining masses of coal is

"robbed" (to use a technical term) as prudence permits. The general aspect of a coal-pit is thus described by Mr. Jelinger Symons, in his Yorkshire Report:—

"It is difficult to describe the impression of dark confinement and damp discomfort conveyed by a colliery, at first sight. The springs which generally ooze through the best cased shafts, trickle down its sides, and keep up a perpetual drizzle below. The chamber or area at the bottom of the shaft is almost always sloppy and muddy, and the escape from it consists in a labyrinth of black passages, often not three by four feet square, and seldom exceeding five by six. As you proceed the dampness decreases, and the subterranean smell increases. Still these unpleasant sensations rapidly depart, even on a very slight familiarity with the scene."

There are, it appears, great varieties and degrees of discomfort in collieries, according to the thickness of the seams and height of the passages, as well as the nature of the management as respects drainage and ventilation. The large and well managed collieries in most districts seem to form the exception rather than the rule. In East Scotland, says Mr. Franks—

"Few of the mines exceed the depth of 100 fathoms. They are descended by shafts, by trap and turnpike stairs, and, in some instances, by inclines. The roads are most commonly wet, but in some places so much so as to come up to the ankles; and where the roofs are soft, the drippy and slushy state of the entire chamber is such that none can be said to work in it in a dry condition, and the coarse apparel the labour requires absorbs so much of the drainage of water as to keep the workmen as thoroughly saturated as if they were working continually in water."

In Durham and Northumberland the coal runs thick, and there Dr. Mitchell says—

"The mines for the most part are dry, but there are exceptions. The roads and excavations in the pits are sufficiently spacious to allow room for working. There is this most decided advantage in the whole of this district, that the seams are not uncomfortably thin."

In Cumberland and the extreme south of Yorkshire, and nearly all the Midland districts, the seams generally run from five to ten feet in thickness, and in these, few of the hardships and horrors prevail, of which we are about to cull a few graphic sketches from the thin seam districts in the west of Yorkshire, Lancashire, &c. Mr. Kennedy, reporting on the latter county, speaks of water pouring out of the roof in torrents. Margaret Winstanley, one out of numbers of his witnesses, states—

"The place I work in is very wet; the water is half a yard deep in some places. My husband has worked in wet places for many a year; sometimes he has worked in water up to his knees, and does now where he is at work. When I am drawing for him my clothes are all wet through."

In the neighbourhood of Halifax, Mr. Scriven thus describes the kind of place in which children are employed, at ages, be it remembered, when the law deems them too young to endure the confinement of factories, namely, at six, seven, and eight years old:—

"In the Booth Town Pit, in which Patience Kershaw hurried 11 corves a day, I walked, crept, and rode 1,800 yards to one of the nearest 'faces'; the most distant was 200 further: the bottom or floor of this gate was every here and there three or four inches deep in water, and muddy throughout. The Swan Bank Pit, to which I was accompanied by Dr. Smith and Mr. Saunders, was almost as bad, and more resembled a city drain than anything else. In some of them I have had to creep upon my hands and knees the whole distance, the height being barely twenty inches, and then have gone still lower upon my breast, and crawled like a turtle to get up to the headings."

A very favourable account is given by Mr. Fletcher of the larger collieries near Oldham, by Dr. Mitchell of those in the Midland counties,

by Mr. Jones of those in Monmouthshire, and by Mr. Wood of the few superior collieries he visited in Yorkshire; but it appears, from a mass of evidence, indisputable, that in great numbers of the smaller collieries the children are kept working in water and mud often up to their ankles, and where the height of the passages they have to traverse varies from twenty to thirty-six inches!

The work in a colliery is divisible, first into that of getting or hewing the coal, and secondly of conveying it from where it got to the pit's mouth. In the former, adults, and in the latter, children, appear to be almost exclusively employed.

The nature of the employment of the children will be best understood by explaining, first, the mode in which the coal is worked out:—

"Coal lies in an inclined plane, of which the inclination downwards, called in Yorkshire 'the dip,' is about one in eleven yards, and generally towards the east (magnetic). At the lowest point in the field to be worked is sunk the engine-shaft for pumping the water out of the pit; a few yards higher up the coal-bed is sunk the working-shaft for drawing the coal. From the bottom of each of these shafts roads or galleries are driven parallel to each other, and nearly, but not quite, at right angles to the dip of the coal, so that each may rise gently from the shafts. The gallery from the engine-shaft is for the conveyance of water, and is called the water-level. The gallery from the working-shaft is for the conveyance of coal, and is called the main-road, or working-level."

The modes of working out the coal vary according to the dip of the seam, its thickness, and the custom of the district. In all cases there are side passages cut up to the bank or face where the coal is hewn.

The principle of ventilation for expelling the noxious gases is essentially similar in all collieries. It is thus pithily stated by Mr. Fletcher:

"Each colliery has two or more shafts, perhaps twenty yards from each other; one, the downcast pit, sunk towards the dip of the strata, for the air to descend, and the other, the upcast pit, towards their rise, for it to return to the surface. The current is generally quickened by a furnace in the upcast shaft, which, rapidly drawing off the air in the passages below, brings a brisk current through the whole distance from the downcast pit, however great that distance, by its purposed tortuousness, may have been made."

Mr. Leifchild, with the assistance of Mr. Buddle, has given a very elaborate and accurate description of the Newcastle mode of ventilation; but to his Report we must refer our readers, for the best analysis would not do justice to its merits. Of the gases in coal pits, the following account is given by Mr. Leifchild:—

"The chief component part of inflammable pit-gases is carburetted hydrogen gas, mixed with unequal quantities of olefiant, carbonic acid, and nitrogen, &c., gases. They exhibit a very different degree of inflammability, when mixed with atmospheric air, according to the different proportions they contain of nitrogen, carbonic acid, and olefiant gases. The first two gases diminish, the last increases their inflammability. The larger the amount of atmospheric air with which they can be mixed without losing their detonating power, the more dangerous are the explosive mixtures formed by them in coal-mines. Sir Humphry Davy found the most readily explosive mixture of fire-damp with common air, to be one measure of the inflammable gas to seven or eight of air. The agent of the ventilation is the difference between the weights of two columns of air, one of which is at the natural temperature, and the other rarefied by the heat of the furnace. The degree of rarefaction being proportionate to the heat, it follows that, *ceteris paribus*, the efficiency of the ventilation is proportionate to the heat of the upcast shaft; which heat is very variable in different collieries. The ventilating furnace naturally puts the current of air in motion in the straightest possible direction, and therefore to direct this current into the various intricacies of the workings, stoppings

of brick or stone are used in the 'dead' passages, and doors in those passages used for the transit of coals."

This leads us to the occupation in which the youngest children are employed, and the results of the practice. Mr. Symons says,

"As the air invariably takes the shortest course, not a breath of it would pass up the board-gates or visit a single bank-face, were the doors left open so as to allow it to pass straight back to the upcast shaft. The ventilation depends entirely on the trap-doors being kept shut, and on their being properly closed immediately after the carriages conveying the coal have passed them. The youngest children in the mines are intrusted with this important office! They are called trappers. Their duty consists in sitting in a little hole, scooped out for them in the side of the gates behind each door, where they sit with a string in their hands attached to the door, and pull it open the moment they hear the corves (*i. e.* carriages for conveying the coal) at hand, and the moment it has past, they let the door fall to, which it does of its own weight. If anything impedes the shutting of the door they remove it, or, if unable to do so, run to the nearest man to get him to do it for them. The ages of these children vary from 6½ to 10 years old; few come before they are nearly 7, and few remain longer than 9. There is no hard work for these children to do,—nothing can be easier; but it is a most painful thing to contemplate the dull dungeon-like life these little creatures are doomed to spend; a life, for the most part, passed in solitude, damp, and darkness. They are allowed no light; but sometimes a good-natured collier will bestow a little bit of candle on them as a treat. On one occasion, as I was passing a little trapper, he begged me for a little grease from my candle. I found that the poor child had scooped out a hole in a great stone, and having obtained a wick, had manufactured a rude sort of lamp; and that he kept it going as well as he could by begging contributions of melted tallow from the candles of any Samaritan passers by. To be in the dark, in fact, seemed to be the great grievance with all of them. Occasionally they are so posted as to be near the shaft, where they can sometimes run and enliven themselves with a view of the corves going up with the coals, or, perhaps, occasionally, with a bird's-eye peep at the daylight itself; their main amusement is that, however, of seeing the corves pass along the gates at their posts."

The following is the evidence given in the same

Report from one among scores of these children:—"I've no time to play; I never see daylight all the week in winter, except I look up the pit-shaft, and then it looks about half a yard wide." Another (aged 7) says, "I stop twelve hours in the pit; I never see daylight now except on Sundays; they don't ill-use or beat me: I fell asleep one day, and a corve ran over my leg and made it smart; they'd squeeze me against the door if I fall to sleep again." Mr. Leifchild also says, as regards the Northumberland pits, "The youngest children in the mine are the door-keepers or trappers. * * The diminutiveness of some of them was remarkable. That children of five years of age should ever, under any circumstances, be engaged in pits would have appeared incredible, but for the respectability of the informants." Mr. Elliott, a viewer, confirms these facts. "The perpetual recurrence of the vacant stare, or the heedless 'I don't know,' (adds Mr. Leifchild) in answer to varied and reiterated questions, were sufficient symptoms of morbid condition." An instance is given in the evidence of Joseph Reel, No. 36, examined by Mr. Leifchild, of a child having got into its wrong relay, and being kept, literally, for forty-eight hours in unceasing attendance at its door! To incarcerate an infant of from five to eight years of age, in a dark, damp, confined space, during the whole daylight of its life, is alone a cruelty which admits of no sort of palliation; but when we find that the cupidity of employers is such, that they intrust the lives of a whole community of people to the vigilance of these wretched and weary children, we are at a loss where to turn for parallel instances of misconduct. On the 19th of April last year occurred that dreadful explosion in Willington colliery, near Newcastle, whereby thirty-two persons lost their lives. In the evidence taken by Mr. Leifchild, (who immediately descended the pit) from the viewer, it is stated, "The cause of this dreadful accident, so destructive both of life and property, is supposed to have been the gross negligence of Cooper [a child of nine years old], he having left his door open, by which the current of air would cease to ventilate both the holing and the

board, but would, instead, flow straight down the board through the door left open by Cooper into the main winning headways.—The fact of the body of Cooper being found away from his own door, and with that of Pearson (another trapper), where it is almost impossible he could have been carried by the force of the explosion, naturally leads a person, conversant with mining affairs, to conjecture, that he had left his door open to come and play with Pearson." The "gross negligence" of the child of nine years old, who left a dark hole to go and play with another child, is the exclusive theme of the "Viewer's" wonderment! Did it never strike him that there was something infinitely worse than "gross negligence" on the part of those who placed the child there, and committed the lives of others to his keeping?

"This occupation (says Mr. Kennedy) is one of the most pitiable in a coal-pit, from its extreme monotony."

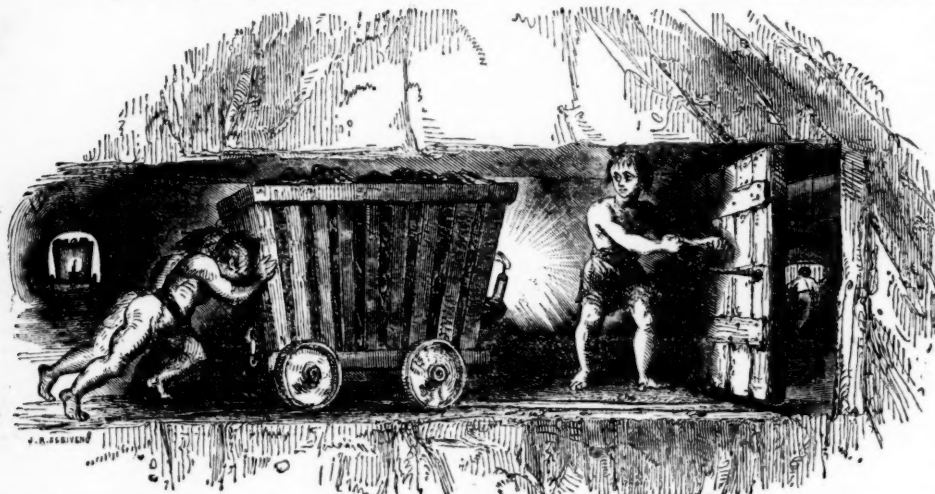
The chief employment of children in coal pits is that called "putting" in the North, and "hurrying" in Yorkshire. It consists in conveying the coal from the heading, or bank face, where it is hewn, down along the roads to the bottom of the shaft. It is performed by loading small waggons, called corves, (from *corf*, basket) with the coals, and pushing them along a tramway. In the very large coal pits, where the seam exceeds five feet in thickness, it is usual to have a horse road, into which the side, or board gates (*i. e.* galleries) open, and the distance of putting or hurrying is hereby lessened. From fifteen to twenty-five of these corves are generally loaded and conveyed in a day; and they weigh in the Yorkshire thick coal pits from 6 to 10 cwt., and in those of Northumberland about the same. In well regulated pits, where the roads are tolerably high, the physical condition of the children is far from a subject of lamentation; passages like the following, in Dr. Mitchell's Report on Shropshire, frequently occur: "The boys in the pit were lively, cheerful, and playful, and seemed to consider their work to be no hardship." Mr. Symons considers hurrying "a healthful gymnastic exercise," where the work

is not protracted beyond eight or nine hours, where the tramways are kept in repair, the air free from foulness, and where the collier, for whom the child hurries, is of a kindly disposition.

"I am, however, (Mr. Symons adds) persuaded, that much suffering and overworking of children will continue to occur so long as the amount, duration, and nature of their work be left to the uncontrolled will of the colliers. In respect to age, in respect to severity of work, and in respect to its duration, the children in mines are at the entire mercy of the individual workmen who hire them: their lot is dependent on the chance of his humanity or the impulses of his avarice. I have seen children hurrying corves in places where, when stop, it required my whole strength to move them, and at which, if the children

Hurrying in Yorkshire, it seems, is very seldom continued above 10 or 11 hours, that, however, being the usual term of work. They begin this species of work there at 10 or 11 years, but often earlier. Mr. Leifchild gives a far less favourable account of "putting" in Northumberland:—

In other respects it, we believe, a faithful representation of the nature of the work.



stopt, they would have been wholly unable to move. I have seen them assist in filling and riddling when out of breath, with their journey to the bank face; and I have seen them also cheerfully and merrily performing each branch of their work under more favourable circumstances. I do not think their employment necessarily hurtful: on the contrary, I am certain the exercise itself is beneficial, and the mode in which the power of the body is applied in pushing

straight forward is free from constraint; and I have no doubt, when done in moderation, as Mr. Ellis, the surgeon, states, that 'hurrying expands the chest, and produces robustness and strength.' But I am equally confident that instances are very numerous in which it is prolonged oppressively and made injurious to health." *

* In the above sketch (the production of Mr. J. R. Scriven) the corf is somewhat too large in proportion to the children.

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"With 'skinned backs,' 'wrenches,' &c., the putters declared that they had been very frequently troubled; and when some of them averred that the severity of their labour was such that they would willingly suffer a proportionate diminution of wages to secure a limitation of the hours of work, there could be no doubt of the intensity of their feelings and the sincerity of their descriptions. * * In endeavours temporarily to increase his earnings, the putter is frequently regardless of fatigue, and, were he permitted, would oftentimes only terminate his toil by entire physical exhaustion."

Instances are cited where children have been kept for thirty-six hours consecutively at work!

If Yorkshire and Lancashire present few instances of prolonged labour, an abuse of a still worse character prevails there, from which Northumberland is free: we allude to the employment of females. Mr. Symons says—

"Girls regularly perform all the various offices of trapping, hurrying, filling, riddling, topping, and occasionally getting (coal): just as they are performed by boys. The practice of employing females in coal-pits is flagrantly disgraceful to a Christian as well as to a civilized country. On descending Messrs. Hopwood's pit at Barnsley, I found assembled round the fire a group of men, boys, and girls, some of whom were of the age of puberty, the girls as well as the boys stark naked down to the waist, their hair bound up with a tight cap, and trousers supported by their hips."

We extract the following from the evidence of one of them, aged 17 years:—

"I have to hurry myself. I have hurried by myself going fast on three years. Before then, I had my sister to hurry with me. I have to hurry up hill with the loaded corves, quite as much up as down, but not many have to hurry up hill with the loaded corves. When I riddle I hold the riddle, and have to shake the slack out of it, and then I throw the rest into the corf. We always hurry in trousers as you saw us to-day when you were in the pit. Generally I work naked down to the waist like the rest. It is harder work than we ought to do a deal. I have been lamed in my ankle, and strained in my back; it caused a great lump to rise in my ankle bone once."

In one of these collieries, at Barnsley, where the coal is 9 feet thick, a girl of 18, (Eliza Eggle) was found hurrying corves, weighing 12½ cwt. when loaded, and filling them with coals at the bank face of immense weight. She had to hurry 16 of these full corves a day and back, a distance of 150 yards each way, and also help in filling them.

In other parts of Yorkshire, and in Lancashire, where the thinness of the seam makes the heat oppressive, it appears that—

"The system is even more indecent; for though the girls are clothed, at least three-fourths of the men for whom they hurry work *stark naked*, or with a flannel waistcoat only, and in this state they assist one another to fill the corves 18 or 20 times a-day. I have seen this done myself, not once or twice, but frequently. Neither do the girls or the men attempt to gainsay the fact. * * Under no conceivable circumstances is any one sort of employment in collieries proper for females. From the guarded evidence of Mr. Clarke, (a large employer of females) who states that it is 'not suitable work for girls,' to the indignant resolution of the collected body of the colliers themselves, that it is a 'scandalous practice,' I found scarcely an exception to the general reprobation of this revolting system."

Far more revolting degradation prevails in the thinner coal beds. These vary in thickness from 10 to 36 inches, and some of the most valuable coal often averages about 18 inches. It is of course a matter of economy to make the gates or roads as low as possible, as all that is excavated above or below the coal is a loss to the owner. Consequently the main roads in these pits seldom exceed a yard, and most of them are under 30 inches in height; in some, the entire height does not exceed two feet. In these very low gates, it is impossible for the children to pass along in the usual way, by placing their hands on the top rail of the corve and pushing

it before them; they adopt then either of the two following methods, and are generally accoutred so as to adopt either at pleasure: the first is to crawl behind the corve on all fours, and push it with their heads, to which a pad is usually attached to prevent their heads from being too much wounded, though it seldom prevents their being bald and sore. The other method is to draw the corves after them:—

"A broad belt is buckled round their waist, to the front of which a chain is fastened, which, when they go down on all-fours, is passed between their legs and attached to the corve, which they draw after them, thus harnessed to it, like animals. This is extremely hard work."

Nor is this any exceptional case. Messrs. Kennedy, Symons, Fletcher, and Scriven all bear testimony to its habitual adoption in the thinnest seams: and it is a practice far from unknown in parts of Derbyshire, Shropshire, Gloucestershire, South Wales, and extensively in East Scotland.

"The drawer (says Mr. Kennedy, in South Lancashire) is in this case harnessed by means of a chain attached to the slid, the other end of the chain passes between his legs, and fastens in front to a belt round the waist. When thus harnessed, and moving along on his hands and feet, the drawer drags after him the loaded basket."

"Returning (says Mr. Fletcher, in West Lancashire) with his tubs empty, he leaves the mainway,



We must find room here for one or two extracts from the evidence given by these girls and women themselves:—

Betty Harris, Drawer at Mr. Knowles's, Little Bolton, examined by Mr. Kennedy, Feb. 4, 1841:

"I was married at 23, and went into a colliery when I was married. I used to weave when about 12 years old; I can neither read nor write. I work for Andrew Knowles, of Little Bolton, and make sometimes 7s. a week, sometimes not so much. I am a drawer, and work from six o'clock in the morning to six at night. Stop about an hour at noon to eat my dinner; have bread and butter for dinner: I get no drink. I have two children, but they are too young to work. I worked at drawing when I was in the family way. I know a woman who has gone home and washed herself, taken to her bed, been delivered of a child, and gone to work again under the week. I have a belt round my waist, and a chain passing between my legs, and I go on my hands and feet. The road is very steep, and we have to hold by a rope; and when there is no rope, by anything we can catch hold of. There are six women and about six boys and girls in the pit I work in: it is very hard work for a woman. The pit is very wet where I work, and the water comes over our clogs tops always, and I have seen it up to my thighs: it rains in at the roof terribly: my clothes are wet through almost all day long."

Patience Kershaw examined by Mr. Scriven:

"I wear a belt and chain at the workings to get the corves out. The getters are naked, except their caps; they pull off all their clothes. I see them at work when I go up. They sometimes beat me, if I am

first with one, and then with the other tub, to get them loaded, dragging them up the 'broo' by his belt and chain, the latter of which he now passes between his legs, so as to pull, face foremost, on all fours. In the thin seams this labour has to be performed in 'bays,' leading from the place of getting to the main ways, of scarcely more than twenty inches in height; and in main ways of only two feet six inches and three feet high, for the seam itself will be only eighteen inches thick."

Sufficiently revolting is it to find boys thus treated in any department of labour in England, but how shall we find terms in which to deprecate the brutality of subjecting females to similar degradation! And yet such appears to be equally the practice with both sexes.

"Girls (says Mr. Scriven) from five to eighteen perform all the work of boys. There is no distinction whatever in their coming up the shaft or going down—in the mode of hurrying or thrusting—in the weights of corves, or in the distances they are hurried—in wages or dress. Indeed it is impossible to distinguish, either in the darkness of the gates in which they labour, or in the cabins before the broad light of day, an atom of difference between one sex and the other."

We annex a sketch, which we have copied with some slight reduction of the size of the corf, from one inserted in the Report of Mr. S. Scriven, who inspected the Halifax and Bradford districts, where the same system prevails.

not quick enough, with their hands; they strike me upon my back. The boys take liberties with me sometimes; they pull me about; I am the *only girl* in the pit. There are 20 boys and 15 men. All the men are naked. I would rather work in the mill than in the coal-pit."

Joseph Wilson examined by Mr. Fellows, in Derbyshire:—

"Is twelve years old; has worked three years in a pit; he now goes with the ass, and wears the belt; has done so a year; the belt hurts him; he has sometimes pulled till his hips have hurt him, so that he has not known what to do with himself; for whole days he works from five to eight or nine; three-quarter days from five to six; half days from five to three; half an hour for dinner, on whole days only; it is hot; they soon sweat. The corporal and loaders often beat him; the corporal uses a stick as thick as his wrist; the loaders have often pulled a handful of hair from his head."

Such are ordinary practices prevailing just beneath the surface of a country where Christian sympathies and sensibilities are so delicate and intense, that not only do they roam over the globe in search of objects for philanthropy, but evoke fervour of compassion for the wrongs of Sunday Coachmen and Sabbath Shavers. It is due to the Yorkshire coal-owners to state, that, as a body, they deprecate the employment of females in pits. The system is stated to be maintained by the cupidity and ignorance of the parents, who, in their turn, charge it on their poverty.

Of course this grievous abuse exists only in pits where the coal beds are thin.

"There is something very oppressive at first sight in the employment of children hurrying all day in passages under 30 inches in height, and altogether not much above the size of an ordinary drain. The fact is proved beyond all doubt, notwithstanding that there is nothing unhealthy or hurtful in the employment of children in gates of 30 inches, so long as attention is paid to the repair of the rails, to the drainage, and to the free current of air. I have seen many children quite as healthy and strong who had been employed for years in well conducted thin pits, as I have ever seen employed in thick ones. There are, however, many pits where the gates, especially those up to the bank-faces, are not above 24 inches in height; all these ought to be heightened. It is impossible that the children can avoid a most constrained posture, and often injuries to the spine in such places."

The physical effect of the work on females is not, it appears, so generally injurious as might be expected:—

"I do not deny (says Mr. Symons) that there are numbers who do work in collieries without visible injury to their health. On the contrary, I have been frequently astonished at the healthy appearance of girls thus employed, and who have come to be examined in the evening, well dressed and comely, and respectable in appearance, and wholly unrecognisable as the same beings whom I had seen in the pit the same morning, disguised in a dirty skull-cap, bed-gown, and trowsers. It is strange that they should so well bear labour so severe, and inhaling, moreover, the impurities of subterranean atmosphere for ten or twelve hours daily. That they do not generally evince the effect of such trial of their constitution, can be accounted for only by the fact, that they leave this work at a comparatively early age—that they then enjoy every circumstance that is most favourable to health; fresh air, ample meals, early hours (for they must get up at half-past four, to get breakfast for their families), and a total absence of fatiguing work. It is a common saying that 'Colliers' wives lead ladies' lives.' There are, of course, however, painful exceptions to the healthful appearance of collier girls."

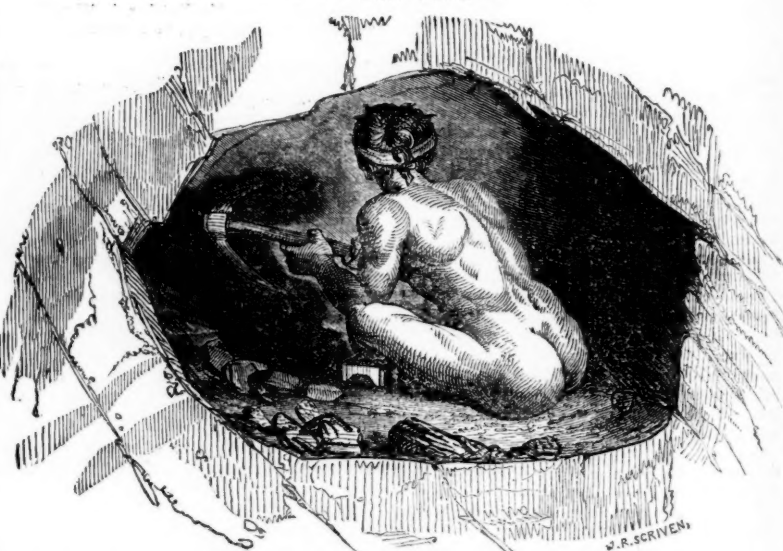
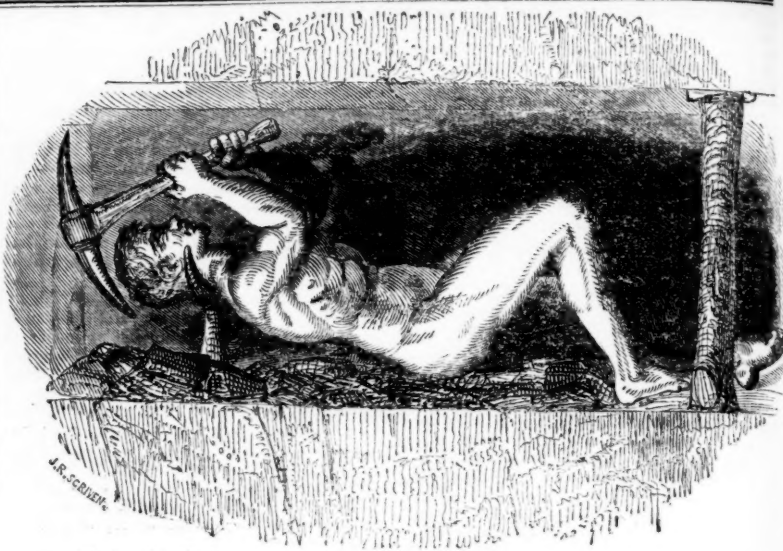
In his Report on Northumberland, Mr. J. R. Leifchild thus describes the operation of hewing the coal, which is much the same in all districts.

"The hewer curves out about a foot or eighteen inches of the bottom of the seam, to the distance perhaps of three feet, and then 'nicks,' that is, cuts in with his pick, one of the nooks or corners of his board; by these means he has gained what he calls his 'fudd, or vantage.' This fudd is either brought down by the insertion of wedges or the blast of gunpowder, in which latter case he drills a hole in the opposite corner, fills it with gunpowder, lights the match, and retires till the coal is torn down by the explosion."

In the thin pits the collier crouches in sundry contorted postures, or lies extended at full length, often perfectly naked, as in the annexed cuts, excepting that the collier hews the side and not the roof of the mine.

"Indeed (says Mr. Kennedy), had I not seen it, I could not have believed that a man could have worked with so much effect in so little space. The mine in which this man was working was not more than from eighteen to twenty inches in thickness. His chest was brought down so as almost to rest on the thigh, and the head bent down almost to the knee; and even in this doubled-up position it was curious to see the precision and smartness with which he dealt his blows."

In Scotland it appears, from the Reports of Messrs. Tancred and Franks, that the abuse of female labour is equally flagrant, but attended with peculiarities even still more physically oppressive. Foremost among the cruelties of this Scottish branch of the barbarism is what Mr. Franks aptly terms the sore slavery of carrying the coal in baskets, on their heads, from the bottom of the pit, up inclined planes or ladders, to the surface; these baskets are borne on the



bent back, and are prevented from slipping by a broad band which passes over the forehead. They frequently fall, and in ascending the ladders let their coals drop on to those beneath them. The following evidence illustrates this branch of the subject:—

Ellison Jack, 11 years old, coal-bearer, employed at Sir George Clerk's Colliery, Loanhead:—

"I have been working below three years on my father's account; he takes me down at two in the morning, and I come up at one and two next afternoon. I go to bed at six at night to be ready for work next morning: the part of the pit I bear in the seams are much on the edge. I have to bear my burthen up four traps, or ladders, before I get to the main road which leads to the pit bottom. My task is four to five tubs; each tub holds 4½ cwt. I fill five tubs in 20 journeys."

Mr. Franks adds to this evidence:—

"In this girl's case she has first to travel about 14 fathoms (84 feet) from wall-face to the first ladder, which is 18 feet high: leaving the first ladder she proceeds along the main road, probably 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet 6 inches high, to the second ladder, 18 feet high, so on to the third and fourth ladders, till she reaches the pit bottom, where she casts her load,

varying from 1 cwt. to 1½ cwt., into the tub. This one journey is designated a rake; the height ascended, and the distance along the roads added together, exceed the height of St. Paul's Cathedral. However incredible it may appear, yet I have taken the evidence of fathers who have ruptured themselves from straining to lift coal on their children's backs."

Mr. Franks's Report is illustrated by a number of wood-cuts, exhibiting a fearful variety of oppressive toil undergone by the females in the Scottish pits. As in Yorkshire, they are harnessed to the coal carriages, and drag them like animals, and in some cases backwards, up steep roads, inclined from one foot in three to one foot in six. "The state (says Mr. Franks) which females are in after pulling like horses through these holes—their perspiration, their exhaustion, and very frequently even their tears, are painful in the extreme to witness."

Up to the year 1775 colliers and salters were literally serfs; bound to the collieries or salt-works, where they worked for life, and were expressly excluded from the provisions of the Scottish Habeas Corpus Act of 1701; and not till 1799 were they legally emancipated by the 39 Geo. III. c. 56. The title of slave has passed

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away, but the slavery itself exists, a deep stigma on Scotland, in all the atrocity and intensity of its feudal origin. Girls and women, as Mr. Hunter, mining foreman to the Ormiston Colliery, states in evidence,

"Always did the lifting, or heavy part of the work, and neither they nor the children were treated like human beings, nor are they where they are employed. Females (he adds) submit to work in places where no man, or even lad, could be got to labour in; they work in bad roads, up to their knees in water, in a posture nearly double. They are below till the last hour of pregnancy. They have swelled haunches and ankles, and are prematurely brought to the grave, or, what is worse, a lingering existence."

We cannot attempt to pourtray one tithe of the horrors which these Reports exhumed and exhibit. Suffice it to say, that the evidence by which they are attested amply justifies the assertion of Mr. Franks, that—

"Now, when the nature of this horrible labour is taken into consideration, its extreme severity, its regular duration of from twelve to fourteen hours daily, which, and once a-week at least, as in the instance of J. Cumming, is extended through the whole of the night; the damp, heated, and unwholesome atmosphere in which the work is carried on; the tender age and sex of the workers; when it is considered that such labour is performed not in isolated instances selected to excite compassion, but that it may be truly regarded as the type of the everyday existence of hundreds of our fellow-creatures,—a picture is presented of deadly physical oppression and systematic slavery, of which I conscientiously believe no one unacquainted with such facts would credit the existence in the British dominions."

Having detailed at the length which the interest and importance of the subject deserves, the peculiarity of the character and labour of coal mines, we must give a condensed sketch of the remaining points affecting the physical condition of the collier population.

The age at which children are first taken into collieries usually varies, in the thick coal pits, from eight to ten; and in the thin ones, from seven to nine. "Some (says Mr. Fletcher) in Lancashire are so young, that they go in their bedgowns." "It is not (he adds, most justly) to be supposed that parents who employ their own children will be more scrupulous about their being set early to labour than if they sold their services to others; and, accordingly, the most improvident are pointed out by their fellow-workmen as those who have least mercy on the infantile capacities of their offspring. 'There are drunken blackguards,' states one of these, 'that would not mind at what age they took them. They went themselves into the coalpit so early that they do not know their own duties. If there be justice for colliers' children, as for factory children, God send it.'" Instances appear, however, by no means rare, where infants of six, and even five years of age are taken to attend the trap doors, and often at seven or eight to assist an elder child in pushing the waggons. In all instances, the children remain as many hours, and not unfrequently more, in the pits than the adults. The reasons for the infliction of this cruel incarceration of very young children, may be summed up; 1st, in the assertion that unless early inured to the work and its terrors, the child would never make a collier. 2nd, that the thin coal pits could not possibly be worked with a profit otherwise; as, after a certain age, the vertebrae of the back do not so easily conform to the required posture. 3rdly, that their parents cannot afford to keep them idle. It is universally remarked that the parents themselves bring their children at this early age of their own accord, and are frequently checked by benevolent employers. Margaret Jaques, 17 years of age, says "I have been seven years at coal bearing; it is horrible sore work; it was not my choice, but

we do our parents' will." It is the same every where.

The usual hours of labour vary from nine to twelve. The thin pits generally work the shortest time, owing to the oppressive nature of the labour. Excesses of course occur, and appear to be by no means unfrequent. No great differences prevail between Yorkshire, Scotland, Wales, or Lancashire.

In the fearful abuse of protracted hours of work, there seems to be no comparison between these districts and Northumberland:—

"It will be noticed (says Mr. Leifchild) how frequently the boys state that they have remained in the pits for 24 and 36 consecutive hours, and even 48 hours. These statements were too numerous to be disputable, and were often fully confirmed by the evidence of separate witnesses. The frequency of the fact is surprising. A witness asserted his knowledge of an instance in which a boy had, eight years previously, remained an entire week in a pit in the Tees district, but there were no means of confirming this statement."

Evidence, such as the following, occurs frequently in Mr. Leifchild's Report:—

"George Foster has wrought a double shift of 24 hours three times in the Benton pit. About a year and a half ago he wrought three shifts at one time, going down at four o'clock one morning, and staying 36 hours without coming up. The overman asked him to stop, &c.—George Kendall, two or three times, has stood 36 hours down the pit. When lads say they stop double shift, they mean generally 36 hours. If, for instance, they are in the day shift and are asked to stop for the night shift, then they stay their own shift for next day;—their baits (meals) being sent down to them. A great quantity of boys are doing this now, from a scarcity of boys. * * Some lads have worked double shift (36 hours) lately. John Clough, aged 14, worked 36 hours down last Friday. (His brother confirms this.) George Short, has always been drowsy since he went there. Twice he has worked three shifts following, of 12 hours each shift, about 3 years ago. They had no lads, and he was forced to do it: and he was wanted to drive and 'put' coals. Never came up at all during the 36 hours; was sleepy, but had no time to sleep. * * His head 'swells' very often, and he feels sickish sometimes; and drowsy sometimes, especially if he sits down." [This boy's work is hoisting a crane for 1s. 6d. per day.]

The work thus cruelly protracted, consists not, be it observed, of tending self-acting machinery or mending broken threads, as in the cotton mills, where the 12 hours labour of youths under 18 years old excites so much compassion, but of the heaviest species of manual and bodily fatigue in pushing loaded coal waggons, in lifting heavy weights, or in driving and constantly righting trains of loaded corves as they get jerked off the tram-ways.

The life of a little collier child is, perhaps, one of the most dreary in the whole range of labour. Before four o'clock has struck, he is shaken out of his deep slumber, and in somewhat less time than a lady takes to curl her hair the little pit boy has roused, dressed himself, and bolted his porridge breakfast. With a huge hunch of brown bread, and it may be the luxury of a slice of lard or cheese, he joins his father, and along with the gang of their neighbouring brother pit-folk, away they scud to "pit mouth;" and here the struggle is, who shall "ride" first. This riding means the descent into the pit; for be it noted, that as each man or child's work consists of a given amount of corves or carts, to be filled and put, or hurried to the shaft, he who begins first, will be done first, and if it be not winter, will have a few hours' sunlight when he escapes from his work. But not always is it when the little pit child lands in the upper world again that bright sunshine, or fresh breeze, or the joyous green sward, or the merry game, are his to enjoy. Too often weary and begrimed, he hastens home with supper uppermost in his ar-

pirations; and far too hungry is he (for his bread has been his only meal in the pit, snatched at any odd interval about noon) to have thought or will for supper.

The supper is almost always a good and substantial one; meat forming more or less the basis of it: colliers cannot be colliers on scanty fare. Supper over, the child's next want is rest; and it must have been a light day's work if the little fellow be not fast asleep in his chair, or stretched on the hearth along side of the cat, ere he has well swallowed his victuals:—

"When I get home at night (says one among scores of children) I get my dinner; we only have a bit of bread and a sup of tea in the pit. I always get washed at night, before I have my dinner, unless I'm very hungry; after dinner I sit a bit by the hearthstone, and then go to bed."

The washing means washing the face and hands only. The body is left to blacken *ad libitum*; as Mr. Peter Gaskell, a witness in Mr. Kennedy's district, thus satisfactorily testifies:—

"How often do the drawers wash their bodies?—None of the drawers ever wash their bodies; I never wash my body; I let my shirt rub the dirt off; my shirt will show that; I wash my neck and ears and face, of course.—Do you think it is usual for the young women to do the same as you do?—I don't think it is usual for the lasses to wash their bodies; my sisters never wash themselves, and seeing is believing; they wash their faces and necks and ears.—When a collier is in full dress he has white stockings and low shoes, and very tall shirt-neck, very stiffly starched, and ruffles?—That is very true, Sir, but they never wash their bodies underneath; I know that; and their legs and bodies are as black as your hat."

"Without charging wilful neglect to the parents, I must repeat," Mr. Kennedy adds, "that I have found the children of colliers, with of course some exceptions, exceedingly dirty, and, in looking at the beds of some of them, I have seen a black mark of the bodies on the sheets."

Another great abuse of child labour, is the practice prevailing in the thin coal districts, of allowing the children to stay in the pits after the adults have left them, in order to collect and put or hurry out the coals which remain to be removed; and not unfrequently they are, when old enough, forced to finish the harder labour of getting or hewing the coal to complete the collier's "stint," or day's work.

In many districts, especially in Scotland, in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and partly in the North of England, a general indifference seems to prevail on the part of the employer, as to the actual condition and comfort, even in physical respects, of his workmen. Perhaps ignorance would be a more charitable as well as truthful charge against the majority of proprietors.

Here centres the evil. In every other description of occupation the employer visits his establishment; and any glaring evils, any negligences or abuses necessarily injurious to the comfort and health, or perilous to the lives of the work-people, are brought under his own observation; and only where avarice or wilful recklessness exist, is the evil permitted to continue. But coal proprietors rarely visit their collieries; the instances are numerous of those who, like Mr. John Mickethwaite, whose evidence (No. 121) Mr. Symons cites, never have visited, and never intend to visit their collieries. Everything is intrusted to a subordinate. In first-rate collieries, the steward, or Butty, as he is often called, is a trustworthy person, but in multitudes of the middle and smaller classes of mines, he is a common collier, more or less recently promoted to supreme authority, which is to be exercised out of sight. Thus colliers are debarr'd from the benevolence of a master, who knows not of the need for its exertion; and thus the condition and safety of the labourers employed in a branch of industry eminently perilous, and, above all others needing benevolent superintendence is,

more than any other, left, hidden and unheeded, to the mercy of a menial, whose power is exercised apart from the responsibility even of ordinary observation!

Colliers' wages appear to range between 18s. and 22s. per week: of course material exceptions occur. In Northumberland, wastermen's wages vary from 20s. to 30s. weekly. Hewers' wages are about 3s. 9d. per day; putters' from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. per day; trappers' 10d. In Durham, putters of seventeen or eighteen years old earn 40s. to 44s. per fortnight, there being eleven days' work. The masters keep the men, in times of slack work. In East Scotland, colliers earn 16s. to 21s.; and putters 5s. 10d. to 6s. 10d. for five days per week; 9d. is allowed for coals. In Lancashire, a collier reckons his day's work at 5s., and his waggoner's at 3s., shared with an assistant. In Yorkshire, colliers earn from 16s. to 22s., least in the thin, and most in the thick seams. A child of eleven will earn 5s. a week, one of fourteen 8s. or 9s.; and throughout that extensive district trappers, however young, earn 3s. a week. Hurriers and putters are almost always employed and paid by the collier they assist; and trappers and drivers of the horses, which in large collieries convey trains of waggons along the main roads, are paid by the masters.

The homes of colliers present striking varieties in different districts. In East Scotland, Mr. Franks found them "wretched hovels," infested with vermin, and with every accompaniment of filth and penury. In Northumberland, says Mr. Leifchild, a mahogany chest of drawers and four-post bedstead are among the necessary equipments of a collier's *ménage*. The houses are generally erected by the proprietors, and, though cleanliness is not always observed, comfort is substantially secured.

In Yorkshire there is a general degree of comfort in a collier's home. Their wives have little else to do than to make them so. At the same time, there is no small amount of poverty, even among colliers, owing to the frequent slackness of trade. In few of their homes are there more than two sleeping rooms, be the family ever so large.

In health, the colliers do not appear to suffer till they are from thirty to forty years of age. Then the inhalation of noxious gases, the damp and mildewy air they frequently breathe, and the extreme toil of their work, begin to tell on their constitutions. They usually become asthmatic. Their principal diseases are functional, and referable to the nervous system, often inducing severe attacks of rheumatism. They are old men at fifty, and usually cease work then.

Children are generally strengthened and stunted, and, except in the enlargement of the muscles of the back on either side of the spinal column, which are remarkably developed, they do not exhibit, while young, any of the symptoms of extreme labour.

The accidents to which pitmen are liable, far exceed those in any other branch of industry. They are reckless beyond belief. They will undermine coal almost to any extent without pillars to support the roof, rather than run the risk of losing time by waiting to prop it up. They will unscrew the Davy lamp, and defeat the precaution. They will crowd in numbers into the ascending corves, or baskets, at the imminent risk of breaking the ropes—an accident which frequently occurs in Yorkshire. But a still greater sacrifice of life is made to the avarice or negligence of the proprietors, who too frequently neglect the proper ventilation of their collieries; and even, where a large generation of explosive gas is known to exist, adopt cheap expedients of all sorts and kinds, to obviate the costliness of maintaining an efficient current of air.

In many cases, where headings or cuttings have been driven out of and beyond the current of air, and where large quantities of gas necessarily accumulate, it is often deemed sufficient precaution to give warning of the danger of going there with a lighted candle; no pains being taken to remove the danger, or brick up the entrance. A very disastrous accident of this description occurred recently at Barnsley. In these cases, the lives of a whole community of people are rendered dependent on the attention and prudence of every child in the colliery.

The breaking of ropes appears to be another frequent source of accidents in the Midland, but not in the large North of England collieries. Mr. Symons, in his Cumberland Report, attributes the frequency of these accidents in Yorkshire, to the system of making the frame-work in which the coal waggons ride slide down parallel rods, which they clasp on either side with rings,—a plan, he considers, which makes them liable to catch and break the ropes. In the North, there are few, if any, such plans adopted, and the baskets ascend like buckets in a well. When a rope breaks, the accident is almost always instantaneously fatal. It will scarcely be credited, that in Lancashire it is a common practice to intrust the management of the drawing engine to children of from ten to thirteen years old, and where people are frequently drawn over the pulleys and killed. Mr. Fletcher states, that "three or four boys were killed in this way at the Chamber-lane Colliery of Messrs. Jones, two or three years since, by the momentary neglect of a little boy, whom he thinks was only nine years of age (others say ten), and who he heard, after the worst was over, had turned away from the engine when it was winding up, on his attention being attracted by a mouse on the hearth. In this case a decadal of 100l. was levied on the engine, and returned by the coroner to the Court of Exchequer, but it was never recovered by the parties." In smaller pits, the coal is drawn by a horizontal gin, with a horse, also guided by a child; and, in the smallest of all, by men, and even women, with a windlass.

The ropes at the Monkwearmouth Colliery, in Durham, (which is the deepest shaft in the world, viz. 292 fathoms,) cost 550l., and weigh 5½ tons. Flat ropes are preferred to round ones; they all have to be renewed every year, even where the working shaft is not that in which the smoke and foul air ascends, which is very frequently, but improperly, the case in all districts.

It would be impossible to give any detailed account of the continual accidents from fire and falls of water, of which some estimate may be made, by the fact that, in the Wear and Tyne district of Northumberland, perhaps the safest and best managed in the kingdom, that during the last 40 years, 1,500 lives have been lost by fatal accidents alone. Of these, 262 have occurred in the last 6 years out of 14,790 persons employed under ground, as nearly as can be calculated, in the Wear and Tyne district, giving an average, there, of 1 fatal accident in every 340 persons yearly! Mr. Buddle is of opinion, that fewer lives are lost, on the whole, by explosion, than by other casualties. At Workington, in Cumberland, a submarine colliery there was carried on, notwithstanding evidences of the peril, on a bed of coal, inclining upwards, until the sea broke in and drowned 40 people, whose bodies have never been recovered.

The paramount interest and importance of these Reports have led us beyond our usual limits; and here, therefore, having brought to a conclusion our notice of what relates to the physical condition of the Colliers, we shall pause; deferring to another occasion what relates to their moral and intellectual state.

Narrative of the Second Campaign in China. By K. S. Mackenzie, Esq. Bentley.

JUVENAL raises the question, whether that should properly be called a quarrel where all the fighting is on one side:—

Si rixa est, ubi tu pulsas ego vapulo tantum.
A similar difficulty arises respecting our transactions in China, where the chief obstacle to the success of the British armaments appears to be the almost total impossibility of meeting with active opposition. The Chinese seem to have adopted a new and by no means an efficacious form of passive resistance; they are tiring us out by their endurance of beatings; and, like the planter whom Stedman describes in Surinam, we are likely to throw down the whip from the impossibility of producing any effect on such tough hides. "I am more weary of flogging than he of being flogged," was the complaint of the Dutch slave-owner, and it finds an echo in the lamentations of the Military Secretary before us. Though such a form of war cannot produce any striking incidents, it has at least the charm of novelty, to say nothing of the interest attached to the vast and important matters involved in the issue of the question.

The Chinese on some occasions have shown that they can fight; the resistance of the forts on the Canton river proves that they are deficient in discipline rather than in courage:—

"The tortures which most of the Chinese endured, must have been dreadful, for whenever they were wounded and fell, the matchlock set fire to their cotton clothes, and I saw several instances of their being literally burnt alive. In this affair, the Chinese, neither on the part of officers nor men, showed any want of courage; on the contrary, they displayed many instances of individual bravery, and all defended their positions as long as they were tenable with great devotion. The officer in command was shot through the breast while leading his men on, his button and feather being among the trophies in my possession."

After every success, the fruits of victory appear to have been lost by negotiation. Mr. Mackenzie's description of Keshen's diplomacy, and of the facility with which the English Commissioner renewed negotiations after the most signal and repeated proofs of treachery and falsehood, cannot be read without some feelings of pain. The delays thus occasioned have, in the Military Secretary's opinion, led to a great waste of life, and diminished the chances of final success:—

"It is more than probable, that, had the action of the 7th of January, 1841, been vigorously followed up by the total destruction of the Bogue forts, and had we then advanced on Canton, we could have dictated our own terms with greater facility than we afterwards did in May. To some this may seem rather a rash mode of procedure; but when it is taken into consideration that we had then 1,300 men, besides seamen (who could have been landed on an emergency), all in perfect health, the season in our favour, and no concentration of Chinese troops against us, the proposition is not so totally impossible. But it was owing to delay, and trusting to the *Panica fides* of the Chinese, that our affairs were ruined; and the same remark is, indeed, applicable to all the operations of this expedition. Had we, on the first arrival of the expedition, demolished the Bogue forts, destroyed Amoy, Ningpo, and then appeared off the Peiho, all our demands would have been acceded to; there would have been none of the enormous waste of life at Chusan; no barbarities inflicted on Mrs. Noble, a widowed lady, at Ningpo; none of the heavy losses on our merchants; while the expedition would have terminated, in all probability, honourably to our arms and national character, instead of being now again to commence."

An incident in the commencement of the attack on Canton will probably amuse our readers:—

"Leaving the Algerine to settle the gun-boats and war-junks, the Nemesis pushed on in chase of the

numerous throwing the detri engaged situated opened of who had pushed of composed resistanc us, throu loaded th but the their wou of female believe t renders t Cantor quence almost a attack by storm i— "At t on perce Chinese determin however, threw in turned a hill by th got poss of first t The 18t severe r strengt along th which th fire of t the fort up, he w but on leader, h enthusias satisfact the forts on upon nobly de work, ar forts th was not down, h The rea galling g yards di Prep the cit difficult "Eve guns we the Ger comm who h dispatch hostility that ne the city —to ob ings th ment." Mr. tained followi "At Captain consequ town w heights while trances to the a civil and Cl so that with si under been i able to

numerous boats that were escaping up the river, throwing an occasional shot among them, much to the detriment of their masts and spars. While engaged in this amusing occupation, a small fort situated up a creek of the river, mounting nine guns, opened on the steamer. Upon this, Capt. Bethune, who had command of this division, immediately pushed off, and attacked the fort. The Tartars, who composed the garrison, made a most determined resistance, and we observed them shooting arrows at us, through the embrasures, while their comrades loaded the guns. At length we effected a landing, but the enemy had as usual escaped, carrying off their wounded. In this fort I found great quantities of female dress, and was informed that the soldiers believe that any part of the attire of the other sex, renders the wearer invulnerable."

Canton was taken, and evacuated in consequence of a convention, which was broken almost as soon as it was made; and a second attack upon the city became necessary. The forts by which it was protected were taken by storm:—

"At ten A.M. the general advance sounded; and on perceiving our troops advance, a large body of Chinese made a sortie from the eastern fort, as it determined to dispute the heights; the Royal Irish, however, giving one good cheer from right to left, threw in a destructive volley. On this, the Chinese turned and ran, being pursued most gallantly up the hill by the 18th. The 49th had, in the mean time, got possession of the front fort, and had the honour of first hoisting the British colours on the heights. The 18th regiment, it may be supposed, had a very severe run, but the brave fellows seemed to gather strength as the danger increased, and charging along the ridge which connected the extremities on which the forts were built, exposed to the galling fire of the ramparts of Canton, gallantly captured the fort of 'eternal repose.' As Sir H. Gough came up, he was greeted with hearty cheers from the 49th; but on his reaching the 18th, his welcome as their leader, but above all, as their countryman, was most enthusiastic. From this point he had the proud satisfaction of seeing the Union Jack waving over all the forts; for while these operations had been going on upon the left, the gallant Naval Brigade had nobly done its duty. They, however, had very hard work, and had suffered most severely, for in these two forts the Chinese stood to their guns well; and it was not till our men entered the fort, and cut them down, hand to hand, that we got possession of it. The rear fort was afterwards carried, under a most galling fire from the city walls, not more than eighty yards distant."

Preparations were now made for storming the city, which would have fallen with little difficulty, but diplomacy again interfered:—

"Every one was ready early on the 27th; the guns were all loaded, and only waiting the word from the General (who was making his final inspection,) to commence firing. At this moment a naval officer, who had been travelling all night, arrived, bearing a dispatch from Captain Elliot, enjoining a cessation of hostilities, and at the same time, informing Sir Hugh, that negotiations were in progress for the ransom of the city. Of course, there remained but one course—to obey. I will not attempt to describe the feelings throughout the whole force at this announcement."

Mr. Mackenzie thinks that the ransom obtained was very inadequate, and assigns the following reasons for his opinion:—

"At an interview with the Prefect, he informed Captain Elliot that the distress was very great, in consequence of the state of blockade in which the town was placed; for, owing to our occupation of the heights, no provisions could enter on the land side, while the ships effectually blockaded the river entrances. The inhabitants were consequently reduced to the last extremity; in addition to these miseries, a civil war had been carrying on between the Tartar and Chinese troops, with a heavy loss on both sides, so that the authorities were very glad to get us away with six million dollars, as the ransom. This sum, under their straitened circumstances, might have been increased to twenty; which they were not only able to pay, but would have done so gladly."

Canton was thus saved, and no sooner had the British forces retired than it was again fortified, in spite of the stipulations. So ended the campaign. Mr. Mackenzie gives a curious description of the military equipment of the Chinese, a subject which has not been noticed by any of the other historians of this war:—

"The weapons of the mandarins consist of a sword, similar to that used by the ancient Romans, with a short straight blade, the scabbard being ornamented according to the fancy of the bearer. This is invariably carried on the right side, in order to prevent that weapon from getting entangled with the slings of the quiver for arrows, which is fastened round the waist by a handsomely embroidered belt, and hangs on the left side. The quiver is made of leather appropriately ornamented, and has generally a species of sabretache attached to it, in which the bow is placed; some of which I have seen with a hinge in the centre, to admit of being folded up into a smaller space. The arrows are of various lengths, some armed with a ball at the end perforated with holes, which in their progress through the air causes a whistling noise, and is supposed to strike terror into the hearer; the points are barbed, hooked, and broad-headed, while the butt is generally decorated with bright coloured feathers, those of the Tartar pheasant being most esteemed, and used by the mandarins only. The arms of the soldiers are shields, matchlocks, spears, bows and arrows, and double swords. The only kind of armour is a round cap, made of rattan, painted with a huge pair of eyes, and well calculated to ward off the blow of a sword; sometimes the soldiers wear a cap similar to that of the mandarins without any button. The shields are of different sizes, made also of rattan, containing a ring inside sufficiently large to pass the arm through, and, a little farther in, a bar to lay hold of. They are generally painted with a devil's, or some such fascinating animal's face, intended to intimidate the beholder. These shields are not bullet-proof to a close shot, but no sword can either pierce, or cut through them. The matchlock is as nearly as possible the old European weapon of the same name. It is not held in such estimation by the Chinese as the bow, from its danger to the bearer, in consequence of the liability of the match either to ignite his clothes or to blow up his powder-pouch, which is carried round the waist in a cotton or leathern case, containing fourteen or sixteen wooden tubes, each holding a loose charge. This pouch is adorned with a representation intended to resemble a tiger's face, and from the careless manner in which the powder is carried, the probability of the wearer blowing himself up, extremely great. Their spears are of all kinds, sizes, and shapes, with which, in coming to close quarters, we found that they inflicted most horrid wounds; the favourite pattern of them is a long broad blade. They also use pikes, and a species of straight scythe with a handle very short in proportion to the length of the blade."

On the question of opium, which very appropriately was the cause of this sleepy war, we have the following illustrative anecdote of a visit to a magistrate, which requires no comment:—

"The elder of the village at which we were, came out, and invited us to sit down in his house—an invitation I accepted with pleasure. After being seated a minute or two the old gentleman produced an opium pipe, with all the paraphernalia belonging to it, and after preparing everything, offered it to me; not being inclined to partake of it, I declined the proffered civility; at which, the old gentleman smoked the pipe himself. This is but one instance out of many I know, of the partiality of the Chinese for the drug. The well known venality of the mandarins is such, that it will not surprise my readers when I say, that I never yet entered a mandarin's house without finding quantities of opium. This will serve to show the error some have fallen into, in supposing that the practice is not universal, and that it is not connived at by government officers. In fact, to talk of the Chinese government putting down opium smoking, or even wishing to do so, is about as absurd as to attempt to stop beer drinking in the United Kingdom."

We shall not indulge in any speculations on

the final results of this contest; a new campaign has commenced, and it is not at all improbable that the treaty will be concluded in Peking. It is permitted us, however, to hope that there will be a less expenditure of red tape and whity-brown paper in the third campaign than there was in the second.

St. Petersburg—[*Petersburg in Bildern und Skizzen*]. By J. C. Kohl.

[Second Notice.]

Our author's remarks on the superior manner in which the paintings are arranged in the Hermitage, when compared with the German galleries, have much truth in them. We must, however, except the Pinacothek in Munich.

In our picture galleries the most heterogeneous subjects generally hang in such varied confusion, that one must possess a Protean mind, to take pleasure in them. Firstly, we must transport ourselves into an idyllic tone of mind, to take in a Ruysdael landscape; then again into an elegiac one, in order to lament with the women weeping over the tomb of our Saviour; now into a martial spirit, in order not to lose courage at the horrors of a battle-piece by Wouvermans; next we must be seized with an unquenchable thirst and hunger, to relish the dissected herrings, roast meat, butter-brood, and grapes, of the Brussels and Antwerp masters; then play the fastidious anchorite, and be edified over a prayer-book with St. Anthony; and now become the innocently playful child, that amuses itself in feeding the hens and doves of Hondekötter; we must soar to heaven with the Madonnas of Raffael, and with the sailors plough undauntedly the raging waves of a Salvator Rosa; at one moment we must pay court to the mighty Semiramis; at another, stroke the silken-haired spaniel of the wife of Rubens; here must revel with Ostade's Bacchantes, and yet be sober enough to adore the *Ecce homos* of Caracci; tread in the cattle-stall of Paul Potter, but bring no smell of the same into the presence of Vandyke's golden and silken dames.

The author is severe in his observations on the faulty system, and inaccessibility of the public library. A word here on the literary part of the population:—

There are Russian authors who have already drawn estates of several square miles in extent out of their ink-stands. Some of repute receive 5,000 to 7,000 rubles merely for lending their names to a favourite journal; and there are periodicals numbering not less than 20,000 subscribers. The greatest modern work which is in process of being elaborated by many busy hands, is the grand and many-volumed Russian National Encyclopedia, the collaborators of which are paid as much as 100 or 200 rubles per sheet.

The genus pedagogue forms an important branch of Petersburg society. The number amounts to 6,000, all of whom must be examined publicly before they presume to teach. They are a much more aristocratic body than their brethren in England. The well-known Lehrberg, who has contributed so much to Russian history, was a private tutor in St. Petersburg, the statistician Schuitzer was the same; not to forget the well-known father of the St. Simonians. An imperial ukase of 1834 makes all private tutors servants of the State, and entitles them to wear the uniform of the Ministry of Public Instruction. After teaching the children in an old noble family for two years, a preceptor attains to the 14th class of rank; and, according to the grade of the family and length of service, they are elevated to the higher classes, and eventually are sure of receiving the title of "Court Counsellors."

Kohl is very particular in his description of the cloud of hangers-on in the houses of distinction—German tutors, Swiss governesses, French *bonnes*, &c. According to him, Russian nurses are to be particularly eschewed: they are a sort of modern Medusas. Listen to the following tale, ye ladies, and beware of a Russian nurse,

as you value the health and well-being of your offspring:—

A Russian family of distinction came on business from Moscow to St. Petersburg. In their visits through the city, their little daughter of five years of age was left at home with the nurse. On their return one day late in the evening, the nurse, who was somewhat tipsy, rushed towards them, and with a flood of tears fell on her knees, and embraced the feet of her master and mistress, shrieking out "have mercy on me, I am guilty, I am guilty!" She then told them, that having left the child at home for an instant by itself, on her return it was nowhere to be found, and most probably had been stolen. The distracted parents pardoned the nurse, whose grief seemed equal to their own. All inquiries after the child proved fruitless, and they at length made up their mind to return to Moscow. Three years had expired, when the father happened to come again to St. Petersburg. He was walking along the streets in mournful mood, and thinking of his lost child, when he heard, on a sudden, a small voice behind him exclaim "Papa!" [my little father.] He looked round, and recognized his daughter enveloped in rags, emaciated, and sickly, sitting in a vehicle, which was drawn by a beggar-woman. On inquiry, he discovered that the beggar had purchased the child of the nurse for twenty rubles, and had, by maltreatment, reduced it to its present plight, for the purpose of creating pity.

This is only one of the many tales of a similar description.

The curious custom of making presents of eggs at Easter, and the absurd one which compels the Emperor to kiss all his court, his officers, and even the sentinels, with the feasts held at this sacred season on the graves of the departed, are all adverted to by the author, and form by no means the least interesting part of the work.

The Foundling Hospital of St. Petersburg, whose revenues, according to Kohl, amount to an incredible sum, is perhaps the chief lion of the city.

We entered just at the time of the mid-day meal. Long tables were invitingly set out in three great halls of the lower story, and from all the various apartments the little girls came marching along two and two, arranged according to size, under the conduct of their governesses and attendants. Each class was differently dressed—one in red, the other in blue, and a third yellow or brown, and so forth; while the linen of all was beautifully white. The hair of one troop was parted in front, and depended in braids behind; another wore ringlets, while a third had it bound up and braided round the head. All the children, without exception, looked fresh, joyful, and blooming; and the sight of so many virgin faces was perfectly enchanting. As they passed, they greeted the director with unconstrained friendliness, yes even with filial tenderness. By degrees all the braided and curly pates had arranged themselves in rows along the tables; a moment of perfect stillness succeeded, and then there arose an universal song in praise of the Creator, who feeds the doves and the poor and motherless. The Russian church music is of itself perfectly unique; but to hear a musical prayer chaunted by a thousand virgin voices to the church melodies, is something so moving, so powerfully affecting, that the most inanimate being is forced to yield, to pray in concert, and give free course to his tears. I confess I doubt whether, out of the walls of the St. Petersburg *Waspitatchnoi Dom*, anything similar is to be heard in the whole atmosphere of the broad globe. These enchantingly sweet melodies, these ravishingly melting tones, this graceful murmuring of the waves of sound, this modulated devotion, and withal the tender flower-bed of charming maidens—no, it is almost too much for memory!

Kohl manages now and then to throw a considerable degree of interest over commonplace subjects, by his animated manner of description. The following will perhaps serve as a specimen of what we allude to. He is engaged in elbowing his way through the motley press, big with the fate of millions (of rubles), that daily throng to the vast bourse of St. Petersburg.

"Gospodin Müller & Co., won't you give me an order for a splinter of timber, or so? Maybe you'll

be satisfied with my delivery," says a long-bearded captain to a German sortout, who has both his hands stuck in his pockets. "Well, we'll give you a trial, Gospodin Pawlow: write me down 1,200 masts of the largest size, 6,000 spars, and 900 score of oak planks, a foot and a half broad, and two inches thick," answers Müller & Co., and passes onward, without betraying any peculiar emotion, intent only on giving further orders. Does Müller & Co. waste the slightest thought on the host of pigeons and owls that this reckless order of his scares from the maternal nest, or the choir of Hamadilgads that will sigh at each stroke of the pitiless axe, dealt by the Wolodga and Wiatko Plotniks? Does his unimaginative soul dream for a moment of the devastation which his orders will create within a few days in the glorious primeval woods, where nature's craftsmen, the sylphs and gnomes, have worked and toiled for centuries? Müller & Co. do not. After the lapse of eighteen months,—for such is the period that the ponderous timber takes to fall, work its way through the entangled river-system of the interior, and appear on the Neva,—the timber comes to hand.

Kohl computes the annual exports of Russia at 150 millions of rubles. He reprehends the method of forcing native manufacture, by imposing enormous duties on all goods coming from the west. This question has been already mooted in quarters better informed on such matters: Kohl, as a German, can only express himself in one way on the matter.

The idol of the Russian, "his being, end, and aim," and the constant refrain which for ever is humming in his brain, lies in those three magic words, Tschin, Tschai, Tschai, *Anglicé* titles, tea, and cabbage soup, to which threefold objects of Muscovite predilection, our author devotes more space than we unfortunately can spare to them. We have before now perused more than one dithyrambic praise of the spicy decoction of the central flowery land, but Kohl's eulogium on that best of all teas, Russian caravan tea, is positively redolent of savory aroma. His study of the spirit of Russian cookery, is also worthy of attention, bound up as it is most intimately with the people's character. He asserts some of the dishes to be as old as the time of Strabo. The renowned Botwinja; that intricate compound Rassol, in which the delicate stilet figures; the Schtschi and Borschtsch, names fit to break the jaws of a Christian, but whose very sound brings water into the mouth of your Muscovite, find a faithful and minute historian in our author.

It is amusing to hear what short work our pragmatical Hanseatic (Kohl is a native of Bremen), makes of the English settlers in the city.

They have their own church, and live a secluded life, despising all other nations, and above all, their protectors, the Russians. They sport equipages after the English fashion, go bear-hunting on the Neva as they do tiger-hunting on the Ganges; don't take off their hats to the Emperor when they meet him; and on the strength of their invincible navy, breathe defiance to every one, scold at everything they see. Yet the government and every person makes much of them, because they set a high value on themselves, and live generally on the magnificent quay called after them.

On the other hand, he describes the Germans as a most pleasant, hospitable, and enlightened branch of Petersburg society, who, unlike us islanders, have discreetly adopted what was good, and rejected the bad, and by spicing their own native good qualities with a little of the Russian quickness, have formed a very happy amalgam.

While in Germany, where, as is well known, the stranger has to struggle with manifold impediments and disabilities in contradistinction to the privileged native burgher, the condition of a foreigner in Russia is truly to be envied, when compared with that of the natives. His privileges consist in freedom from taxes, conscription, guild restrictions, and so forth; and, as is naturally to be supposed, no one, if he can help

it, becomes, under these circumstances, a Russian subject. Now and then, it is true, the government makes desperate attempts to incorporate the stranger with the subject, and orders are issued for all persons, after a certain period of residence, to enrol themselves, and swear allegiance. On such occasions many are seized with a panic, and find it convenient to absent themselves for a short time, returning again from their own country, with a fresh passport, when the storm is blown over; and thus persons permanently settled in St. Petersburg, and even their children after them, manage to retain their exemptions from the burthens of the state.

A stranger, provided he be only tolerably *comme il faut*, i. e. can lay aside some portion of his bashfulness and sheepish timidity, dress elegantly, play at cards, has a stock of small talk, or, in short, understands playing the fool in a discreet manner, may be certain, all over Russia, of being classed as half noble, and being invited into society from which, in all other countries, he would be excluded. It is by no means rare in the casinos and balls of the nobility in the interior, to see the German apothecary's apprentice make his appearance; and even in St. Petersburg many a knight of the yard-measure leads a lady to the dance whom he had measured some days before for the handsome gown she has on. Naturally enough these people have, in consequence, adopted a certain species of proud and consequential behaviour. They fancy themselves very great personages, and turn out by dozens on the public promenades, driving as many steeds as the law allows them; give balls and dances, possess cellars in which the champagne never runs out, and saloons where the tables steam every evening with tea and punch; and invite to their dinners State and Court Counsellors. Their daughters squint at the epaulettes, up as high as the colonels and major-generals, and their sons at the young daughters of the landed gentry and state functionaries.

Though excellent servants in subordinate situations, the Russians have not enough stability of character to be trusted as principals; and hence in almost every manufactory a foreigner, mostly a sober-headed German, is at the head; excepting only when genuine national Russian articles are concerned, as butter, wax-lights, fur, and some other objects: here a Russian is always the principal of the establishment. We shall conclude our translations with the following paragraph, which throws a light on a part of the system employed by the Russian government, in relation to the social interests of its subjects:—

The Russian government, which strives, more than any other, to assimilate and mould everything according to one and the same ideal, true to the impulse given by Peter the Great, is diligently endeavouring to diffuse and naturalize, as much as possible, among the provincial towns, the advantages and talent of the capital. Hence the building-plans constructed at St. Petersburg for every town in the empire; hence the ordinances requiring the younger people to serve for a certain time in the provincial towns; hence the schools and gymnasium for boys, and institutions for the education of young ladies of rank, found in every government town, after the model of those in St. Petersburg. In Russia there is so little spirit of opposition or independence of feeling, that all are attracted by the same magnetic force to one and the same centre, upon which they passionately throw themselves, and that is the metropolis. There are so few fixed stars, such as are to be found in our motley Germany of all magnitudes, that everything is drawn to that one mighty sun, in order to catch some faint glimmerings from its splendour. All who are unable to live in St. Petersburg are regarded as objects of commiseration, and every one, whether employed under government or not, has but one wish, which is, to be transferred thither. The government, intent on realizing its plan for the civilization of the whole empire, have, consequently, always been zealous opposers of this impulse, while they endeavour to congregate up in each province a little miniature St. Petersburg. In many instances, its wishes have been crowned with success. An ordinance was published, enacting that all young persons, without exception,

must have served at least three years in the provinces, before they could obtain a government appointment in the capital. Those voluntarily accepting situations in the more distant provinces, have certain privileges secured them—as, for instance, those serving in Siberia have two steps in rank, and those in the Caucasian Provinces three; added to which, their pay is better. If possible, persons of wealth are appointed to the provincial governments; such as will keep a grand establishment, and transplant along with them the manners of the Court. Besides this, young and polished individuals, from the metropolis, are attached as adjutants to the governors; in order that these exquisites may, like pretty butterflies, carry on their painted wings into the vast wastes of the interior some seeds of city refinement. Every high functionary, arriving from the capital, considers it a matter of quite as much consequence to select and form the society of his town, to direct the balls, giving the pattern ones in his own house—to superintend the building and adorning of the Casino—is quite as seriously engaged in arranging whist parties, singing the praises of fine-toned company, and advancing young men of fashion, as he is in inspecting schools, presiding over suits, deciding legal differences, preparing passports, founding towns, and laying down measures for his administration. The merits of a functionary in improving the society of his capital, are quite as much thrown into the scale as his deserts in the other departments of his administration.

Kohl occasionally indulges in rather absurd strictures upon our nation, which, for his own sake, we wish he had omitted.

Punch, or the London Charivari.

An anti-cake-and-ale spirit, such as is too prevalent among the present generation, may think it shame to us, that we choose for our theme a publication, having no higher object than that of "idle amusement." That spirit has yet to learn the utility of cheerfulness, and the profit derivable from a healthy relaxation, no less than a healthy exercise of the faculties. We confess, indeed, that among the uses of popular literature, we rate very highly a periodical provision for the amusement of the lowly, for opening to them the sources of the humorous and the witty, and for expanding their intellects by shaking their diaphragm. The store of pleasures within the reach of humble industry are notoriously of the scantiest; and we will venture to assert, in contradiction to the prevailing asceticism, that in dealing with the many, an indulgent philosophy will be the most efficacious for the purposes of good order, and national tranquillity. We acknowledge it, therefore, among our aspirations for our country, that good-humoured and mirthful publications, of a cheap character, should assume a respectable place in its literature; and that more pains should be taken to render those by whose labour we are all supported, "merry and wise:" so that, were we given to the indulgence of missionary impulses, our tracts should be directed to gladdening the heart, and to mending the morals of the people, by the simple expedient of provoking their smiles. It is in this special particular, however, that the function of the missionary has the least application, and that the most is to be effected by following the public lead. It may be possible to inculcate doctrines, to impose opinions, and to dictate lines of duty: but there is no persuading people to be amused against the grain; there is no preaching them into an involuntary broad grin over that which nature does not compel them to think pleasant. One man may walk them to the well of orthodox fun and proper pleasantry, but an entire army of diffusers of useful mirth would not succeed in persuading them to drink of a disgraceful fluid. Here, then, criticism is called on for more than usual candour and forbearance; for fastidiousness and over refinement in a publisher would not only

miss the end, but would fail in meeting with a market.

Looking at the most popular and successful of the cheap publications of the day, (excepting always those of the Jack Sheppard school) there is much reason for thinking and speaking well of the tendencies of the humbler classes. It is a manifest fact, that the material development of the new literary market, has been accompanied by a *pari passu* improvement in the quality of the goods: inasmuch that no small portion of the still increasing sale, depends upon the spread of the works in question among higher classes than those for whose special service they were originally calculated. Although, therefore, in approaching the immediate subject of this article, we must set it down to the credit of Punch, that, since he has abandoned his theatrical career, and taken to type, he has so much mended his manners, that he rarely ventures a joke at the expense of morals or correct feeling, that his pictures of life in London are not directed to inflame sensuality, while they ridicule folly,—yet we must, at the same time, refer this reform very much to the improved tastes of his patrons; and to the simple fact, that sober recreation is remunerative,—that there is an effective demand among the people for innocuous gaiety. Looking at the quality of the writing, and to the profusion of pictorial illustrations which grace this publication, there can be no doubt that it is got up at an expense which nothing under a very extensive circulation can maintain. Its existence, therefore, is evidence of the wide spread of a love of broad humour, which Englishmen are not wrong in thinking peculiar to their countrymen. Although Punch has thought fit to take for a second title 'the London Charivari,' there is little of similarity between his jokes, and those of his Parisian god-father. The wit of the Frenchman is higher polished, and has also a keener edge. Its prevalent character is a refined, subtle, and adroitly veiled satire, directed against the powerful and the authoritative, such as might be expected to have arisen among a people familiarized with literary censors and *lettres de cachet*. Its essence is closely connected with personality, and its excellence embraces dexterity to avoid a legal application of the innuendo. Its vice, therefore, is malice, and its tendency, to sour and to exasperate. The sense of humour, too, if it be latent in the Frenchman's nature, has not been called forth by much popular whimsicality. Fashion, which in his country rules the lowest, equally with the highest, drills every man to its own discipline, spreading a uniform smoothness over the surface of society; and the Frenchman, moreover, possessing little disposition to escape from the class in life in which he finds himself, and to appear more than he really is, exhibits little of that long list of affectations and pretensions which form the rich field of English absurdity.

All that the Parisian Charivari thus gains in causticity and in intellectual finesse, it loses in richness, in humour, and in breadth. Punch, indeed, is, decidedly more vulgar, more coarse, more *slangy*; but he is better tempered, and more laughter-stirring than his contemporary; while, by coming more closely in contact with the world for which he writes, he is able to extract a more frequent and varied moral. Although he indulges his purchasers with an occasional political caricature, or vents his spleen in a passing party joke, he is not a professed party organ; and he may be considered rather as a conductor for conveying off popular ill humour, than as an exciter of factious electricity. In this, too, Punch is a more faithful exponent of the natural character of John Bull than many of his more bitter and acrimonious British con-

temporaries, whose influence on the people is precarious, and, for the most part, confined to periods of extraordinary excitement.

One result of this reflection of the popular taste, is the truthfulness of the hits, and the consequent conviction they carry with them. In the broadest extravagancies of Punch's pencil, more especially, there is much more of nature than of caricature; and the habitual walker of the streets of London might fancy that he could name the originals. The very slightest of those black sketches, which at first sight might be taken for casual blots on the paper, exhibit vigour and identity. In the most careless of his pencilled drolleries, there are indications of a free, but sure hand, and of an artistic interior sense; and they are well calculated to improve the taste, and to educate the eye of the lower classes. When compared with the older monstrosities of the broad sheet, which in our childhood constituted the sole specimens of art (?) accessible to the people, they are at once witnesses of a present demand for better things, and tokens of a future amelioration. On this subject, listen to Punch's own criticism:—

"On the genius of the Calnach Illustrator, and High Art in Wood-Cutting.—The great characteristics of the age in which we have the luck to live, are the extension not alone of the commodities of life, but also of its elegancies and luxuries. Doubtless the most prominent of these—after the modern substitution of cigars for short-cut—is the profuse illustration of our popular ballads and last dying speeches. Beauty and utility now walk hand in hand; and whilst the tasteful drayman or sentimental housemaid revels amidst the choicest effusions of poetic genius—at three yards a penny—he or she has also a *penchant* for the fine arts cunningly cultivated by the choice pictures that adorn it. Standing proudly on the highest pedestal of popularity is the individual, the extent of whose talents, as displayed in his works, might reach (when pasted together) from Whitechapel to Westminster. We are forbidden to mention his name: like all true geniuses, he seems merely nominal applause; but by his works may you know him. We have only space to give a few instances of his surpassing pictorial ingenuity. Amidst a heterogeneous mass of subjects now dangling from the sides of our library-table, the first to strike the eye and awaken the admiration is Bellini's exquisite scene (the poetry by Fitz-Ball) of 'False one, I love thee still.' The picture to this ballad is a Newfoundland dog bringing a walking-stick out of the water; whilst 'Will Watch, the bold Smuggler,' is aptly illustrated by an exquisite female form gracefully leaning her elbow on a milk-pail, a stream purling at her feet, and a range of chalk hills in the distance. The 'Jolly Young Waterman,' again, is conceived in a high spirit: he is represented in a fantail hat, with a quarter measure in one hand, and a glass in the other. These are specimens of the lighter tracings of our artist's pencil; but he is not the less to be extolled in more sombre subjects. In executions he is exquisite—in murders marvellous!

Passing from the illustrations to the letter-press, which is often secondary to the pictorial matter, and ancillary to its introduction, it is little to say that it occasionally exhibits good writing; for whether it be that the English language has been worked up to great facility, or that the demand for literature has produced a corresponding supply of authorial talent, it is certain that whatever other defects may be charged against periodical literature, the want of an easy, smart epigrammatic style cannot be justly laid to the door of even secondary and third-rate publications. With respect to the staple contents, too, there is a much closer approximation in Punch's contributors to those of the high-priced periodicals than can readily be explained. Whether the similarity in tastes between the high and the low, thus indicated, proceeds from below upwards, or results from a growing earthward love of low-lived representations, slang, and coarse excitements among

the so-called higher classes, is a problem not yet solved to our satisfaction. But the fact is constant, that the cheap Punch, levelled at the tastes and associations of the people generally, may in its prevailing tone and matter be advantageously compared with many works printed for the special use of the club-houses and circulating libraries of genteel society. Take, for example, the following extract from a paper on the Physiology of London Evening Parties:—

"The Wallflower of the party usually makes his appearance at an early period of the evening. You generally observe him as you enter the house taking off a pair of clogs, which appear difficult to unbuckle, in a corner of the hall. These he stuffs into the pocket of his great-coat, which he artfully conceals under a chair, together with his hat; and having accomplished this undertaking to his satisfaction, he enters the refreshment-room, and in excessive trepidation, asks for a cup of coffee, which he swallows 'hot without'—declining milk, cream, lump-sugar, or powdered candy, not on account of its being his custom, but because he does not exactly know which he ought to take. He next produces from his pocket a pair of kid gloves, still enveloped in paper, the left-hand one of which he puts on with much labour, and then holds the other in it. This concluded, he announces his name, and walks upstairs, as if he was ascending the platform of the guillotine. 'Mr. John Parkins!' shouts a footman, and the wallflower enters. Mrs.—(what shall we call the hostess? Whatever name we give her, there will be some one certain to say it is personal: we think 'Smith' is tolerably safe).—Mrs. Smith, then, is engaged at the moment, and has left her station at the door; consequently, Mr. Parkins walks into the centre of the room, looking very affable and mildly benevolent, with his glove still in his hand, and, not finding anybody to receive him, blushes up to his ears, blows his nose for the sake of doing something, and then sinks back to the post of the folding-doors between the front and back drawing-room—the position in which wallflowers mostly abound. They occasionally attempt a quadrille, but they rarely waltz. Nevertheless, we once knew one who made the attempt, but then it was after supper, when they at times 'come out' in most extensive style, as a very little wine has a very great effect upon their brain. The wallflower in question had evidently miscalculated his abilities, for after treading on his partner's toes, losing the step in the first round, getting out of the circle, and knocking the man who was playing the piano completely off the music-stool, he desisted and reeled giddily to his seat—a melancholy instance of misdirected vanity. The wallflowers appear, like corks in a water-butt, to have an instinctive manner of getting all together; for, after a time, they generally congregate in coteries, making small jokes and retailing third-rate anecdotes, or quips from the week before last's Punch, which they applaud and admire exceedingly, until they are interrupted by an enthusiastic couple, flying round to the *brandhofen*, and knocking them, very unexpectedly, all up in a heap together."

In respect to jokes, quodlibets, and such small deer, we may as well acknowledge that our French neighbours beat us, and that their Guépepe, and Charivari, and Figaros, throw the popular wit of England into shade. But taken according to the average of our national periodical sliding scale, Punch maintains his old privilege of exciting an occasional hearty laugh. "Taking a good hint" is a fair specimen of the manner of Punch's occasional articles:—

"Compose yourself, my dear Tom." "It's all very fine, and very easy, to say 'Compose yourself'; but who's to do it? A fellow lunging out your eye-tooth exclaims 'Compose yourself'; the vagabond that gives you notice of the failure of your banker, and the loss of all your worldly substance, advises you to 'Compose yourself'; and when in the extremest agony of fear you rush like a maniac from the blazing ruins of your devoted house, 'A 41,' who accommodates you with a seat and shiver in the station-house, insists upon the propriety of the soothing system, and invariably recommends you to 'compose yourself.' 'Compose yourself!' quotha; I

can't do it! no, no, its out of the question. Shakespeare says, 'Every man can bear a grief but he that hath it.' I say every man may put up with a pillaging and kicking but their conjoined victim, and I am he! 'Gracious! Tom, did you say kicking? but how was it, eh? 'Why, you know those rascally Sharps that came down to settle here three months ago?' 'Of course I do. Fat mother, with turban, snuff-box, and three daughters; curious old maiden sister, always laughing and winking her eye.' 'Yes, yes; and two unredeemed rascals of sons, from some infernal assurance office, with fists like brawn, and boot-toes like bodkins.' 'Well, what of them?' 'Why, I'll tell you. They gave a kind of let-off last night; a sort of hybrid affair—cards and quadrilles, pumps and cloth boots, flying tea and a standing supper.' 'Oh, ay, I did hear of it; and you were invited?' 'Yes I was, worse luck! Well, I'd heard Miss Screw, our great sixpenny long-whist player, hint her suspicions that the maiden Sharp, she of the 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles,' though otherwise a mighty correct old lady, was rather given to the pastime of cards, and gathering together of fish and small change, heedless of some of the little restrictions your fair players regard! 'Why, does she cheat?' 'Wait a bit, and you shall hear. After managing two quadrilles with tolerable success with the eldest Miss S, I retired for breathing time and negus into a small room where old and young were, as Miss Screw remarked, 'enjoying themselves at a round game.' I was invited to take a seat, and soon found myself involved in all the mysteries of eighteen penny loo. Luck ran amuck against me. I could not win a single pool; while the elderly Screw, like the vortex of the Maelstrom, seemed to draw round counters, square counters, ivory fish, and the current coin of the realm, with irresistible force, into the fathomless depths of her immense reticule. Disgusted at my ill fortune, I determined upon quitting the table, but was prevented by the antique maiden advising me to try one more round. I consented, and observed a gracious smile and peculiar wink reward my determination. These equivocal proceedings made me the more attentive to the Elderly's game, and never was such a flagrant old cheat seen at a respectable party. Kings, queens and aces were at her sole command, though I have no idea where she got them, unless she rang the changes from her immense bag. Just as she saw my eyes fixed upon her as she was sweeping off a heavy pool by these nefarious means, she again tipped me one of her remarkable winks. 'O ho!' thinks I, 'that's the game is it? Well, two can play at it, old lady; and so, as you seem to wish it, here goes, and mum's the word. So to it I went, and, as I do know a trick or two, by Jove, I swept the table pretty handsomely. But would you believe it? the wicked old woman, when I merely slipped a king from the bottom of the pack, accused me of cheating. I at once admitted the fact, and cited herself as my instigator and authority. Tom, I've been in some rows and heard some few noises in my time, but the squall of all squalls I ever heard was the one that rushed out from between that old lady's artificial teeth. She denied the accusation with the most intense scorn, and defied me to prove that she had cheated herself or provoked me to do so. This was beyond endurance. 'Why, madam,' I replied, 'when you looked into the lady's hand next you, and slipped the ace of hearts from the bottom of the pack, when there was thirteen and sixpence in the pool, didn't you see I had detected you? and didn't you wink away with your wicked old left eye, as much as to say, Do it yourself—it's all right?' 'What!' roared the tabby, 'wink! I wink! Is my infirmity to be thrown in my teeth by such a thing as you? James! Samuel! Where are your feelings? Oh, Oh!' Here she flopped down in a faint, while groans and cries of 'Shame! Shame! See what you've done!' issued from all sides. I once more asserted the truth of my statement, or rather would have done so; but that great beast James Screw took me by the nose, and Samuel kicked me down stairs.' 'It's very extraordinary!' 'Not at all; it was a mistake. The cheating was true enough, but not so the rest, as the old lady has a natural infirmity, and always goes on winking in the same way when she's at all excited. And so you see I must call out one of those fellows, and either shoot him or get shot myself, and all because I was

such a fool as to imagine I was 'taking a good hint.'"

One of the distinctive characteristics of this journal is, an occasional number dedicated to some specific subject, and forming a whole by itself. Such are the Almanack, the Valentine, and the Lions of London. The last is a very lively number, containing a succession of clever hits, and some happy illustrations. It opens with an excellent parody, in the true antiquarian style:—

"Before taking the stranger on his rambles through London, it may be as well to give him a slight sketch of its ancient origin. According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who is borne out by Catnach of Monmouth-street, the ground where London stands is as old as the creation of the world itself, though some enthusiastic antiquaries assign to it a still earlier origin. In an old black-letter and brown paper MS., which was dug out of the ruins of a Quaker's house, that had fallen in with several friends, there is no mention of London; and it is therefore presumed that the city is older than the authority alluded to. King Lud is considered to be the first monarch who resided in the metropolis, and his palace has since been converted into the Belle Sauvage, on Ludgate Hill, so called from his garden-gate having opened on to it. The old cockney exclamation of 'Lud a mercy upon us!' fixes the building of the city at once upon Lud; whose name, by a process peculiar to ingenious antiquaries, has been corrupted into London. This is the account of only one antiquary; but Camden goes further, for he declares that it was formerly a town in a wood, and hence we have Camden's or Camden Town, which is a little way in the country. London is situated in a short latitude from the Observatory at Greenwich, being 51° 31' north by the railway, and 004° 23' by the river. There is no doubt that the city was formerly a forest, and that the family of Alderman Wood is consequently one of the oldest in the metropolis. 'It was filled,' says Camden—only the black-letter booby insists on spelling filled with a y—'it was fylled with ye beastes of ye chase'; and of these none remain, but the wild cats, who still infest the neighbourhoods of squares, and the romantic fastnesses of certain crescents. These animals afford the means of subsistence to a large class of yagers or bone-grubbers, who sell the skins and supply the market with sausage meat. The most ancient river in London is the Fleet Ditch, but there are Shore Ditch, and Houndsditch, and other Ditches too numerous to mention. It is supposed that Fleet Ditch is so called from the Fleet—perhaps the Spanish Armada—having once laid at anchor there; while Shore Ditch is obviously named after Jane Shore; and Hounds Ditch derives its appellation from the quantity of dead Hounds thrown into it. The Old Wall of London is supposed to have been built by some bricklayers, whose names are not preserved; and it is thought that the military road by which Caesar entered with his invading army was either at Artillery Row, Battle Bridge, Cannon Row, or Ball's Pond, Islington. On the establishment of the Heptarchy, ancient London was confined almost exclusively to the Seven Dials, and each of the Seven Kings instantly took possession of one of the Seven Dials. The city was again sacked by the Danes some years after, and in 1354, the privilege of carrying a mace before the chief magistrate was granted by Cloves or Clovis, a French sovereign who flourished at about the same period. In the reign of Richard the Second, the Lord Mayor's mace was found very useful in peppering Wyl, Tyler, and the citizens obtained permission to add the dagger to their armorial bearings, in token of their readiness to stick at nothing when defending their sovereign. The first attempt to illuminate the city was made by Sir Henry Barton, the Lord Mayor, who used lanterns for the purpose; but his successors of the present day have resorted to wit, with which they flare up continually for the enlightenment of the metropolis. The inhabitants of London have been estimated to amount to several thousands; but as we never knew any one who counted them, we do not give any figures. They are certainly between 000,000, and fourteen millions.

We may now conclude, with wishing our facetious contemporary all the success he deserves.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL for APRIL, kept by the Assistant Secretary, at the Apartments of the Royal Society,
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APRIL- 1842.	9 o'clock, A.M.			3 o'clock, P.M.			Dew Point at 9 A.M., deg. Fahr.	Diff. of Wet and Dry Bulb Thermometer.	External Thermometers.				Ratio in inches. Head off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.	
	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.	Barometer uncorrected.		Att. Ther.			Fahrenheit.		Self-registering					
	Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.		Flint Glass.	Crown Glass.				A.M.	P.M.	Lowest	Highest				
F 1	29.340	29.334	52.8	29.328	29.324	53.0	45	03.9	45.0	44.7	43.4	57.6	.172	S	{ A.M. Cloudy—lt. showers—brisk wind—very high wind throughout the night. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds—hail & rain. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
S 2	29.606	29.600	49.9	29.702	29.696	49.8	42	02.9	41.8	43.8	38.0	48.6	.088	NW	{ A.M. Overcast—light brisk wind with showers. P.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
3	29.836	29.830	53.7	29.916	29.910	46.5	36	04.1	38.4	44.3	41.2	46.5		NW	{ A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Heavy clouds—brisk wind. Evening, Cloudy—slight rain.	
M 4	30.188	30.180	44.2	30.244	30.236	46.0	36	04.5	40.7	44.5	37.0	46.0		NW	Cloudy—brisk wind throughout the day. Evening, The same.	
T 5	30.392	30.384	50.0	30.334	30.326	46.6	35	05.2	41.7	46.5	36.5	46.7		N	A.M. Cloudy—lt. wind. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
W 6	30.200	30.194	49.0	30.046	30.038	46.8	36	04.7	42.4	50.0	35.3	47.5		NE	Fine—lt. clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
T 7	29.862	29.854	45.2	29.824	29.816	48.3	42	02.7	43.7	56.3	39.6	52.0		N	{ A.M. Overcast—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
F 8	30.094	30.086	48.0	30.144	30.136	49.7	43	03.4	44.8	51.3	39.4	56.9		NE	{ A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
S 9	30.358	30.350	52.7	30.332	30.324	47.4	36	05.3	44.2	45.3	37.0	52.7		E	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.	
10	30.388	30.380	43.8	30.318	30.312	46.0	33	03.0	43.2	45.9	37.0	46.6		E	{ A.M. Cloudy—light wind. P.M. Overcast—lt. wind. Ev. Cloudy.	
M 11	30.248	30.240	48.9	30.164	30.158	46.8	37	05.1	43.7	46.3	36.7	46.3		NE	{ A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds & wind, with hail shower. Evening, Overcast.	
T 12	30.118	30.112	46.0	30.032	30.024	45.2	33	06.2	42.0	43.3	37.6	46.7	.050	NE	{ A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—lt. snow. Ev. Overcast.	
W 13	29.990	29.982	42.3	29.960	29.954	44.7	36	02.8	39.2	42.7	37.8	44.4		N	{ Cloudy—brisk wind throughout the day—slight rain early. Evening, Overcast—light rain.	
T 14	29.932	29.926	42.5	29.954	29.948	45.2	38	02.6	41.2	47.2	37.8	43.6	.063	N	{ A.M. Overcast—light brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—hail and rain—brisk wind. Evening, Overcast.	
F 15	30.084	30.076	46.0	30.068	30.060	47.0	39	04.5	44.3	48.4	40.3	47.6		N	Cloudy—brisk wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine and moonlight.	
S 16	30.144	30.136	50.6	30.124	30.116	46.9	38	04.6	44.6	47.4	39.5	49.0		NE	{ A.M. Cloudy—brisk wind. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds—brisk wind. Ev. Fine and starlight.	
17	30.206	30.198	44.0	30.176	30.172	46.0	40	04.0	44.4	46.8	37.8	48.7		N	{ Overcast—brisk wind throughout the day. Evening, Overcast—very slight rain.	
M 18	30.210	30.202	46.9	30.194	30.186	47.6	40	03.6	44.2	47.3	42.0	47.4		N	{ Overcast—light wind throughout the day. Evening, The same.	
T 19	30.232	30.224	45.5	30.178	30.170	47.6	40	02.9	42.3	51.3	41.3	47.8		N	{ A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Ev. Fine and starlight.	
W 20	30.182	30.176	53.3	30.140	30.132	50.3	43	04.7	49.4	58.7	58.7	51.8		N	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Fine and cloudless. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
T 21	30.182	30.176	57.6	30.108	30.100	51.7	44	03.1	46.8	55.7	41.3	59.5		ENE	{ A.M. Cloudy—lt. brisk wind. P.M. Fine—lt. clouds. Ev. Overcast.	
F 22	30.022	30.014	50.3	29.944	29.936	53.0	44	02.1	46.8	60.7	45.0	56.5		NE	{ A.M. Overcast—lt. brisk wind. P.M. Fine & cloudless. Ev. Cloudy.	
S 23	29.942	29.936	60.0	29.914	29.906	57.0	50	01.3	51.3	67.3	47.0	61.3		NNW	{ Fine—lt. clouds and wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & moonlight.	
1	29.974	29.966	63.0	29.946	29.942	59.0	51	03.8	60.5	61.5	52.0	68.6		N	{ A.M. Fine—light clouds. P.M. at 1 past 2, heavy thunder & forked lightning, with heavy rain. Ev. Fine and starlight.	
M 25	30.080	30.072	58.8	30.068	30.060	60.3	54	05.2	57.8	66.5	49.0	69.3	.097	E	{ Fine—lt. clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & moonlight.	
T 26	30.114	30.108	71.3	30.076	30.068	59.0	52	07.7	56.7	59.3	47.4	67.5		NE	{ Fine—nearly cloudless throughout the day. Ev. Fine and starlight.	
W 27	30.048	30.040	67.8	30.012	30.004	57.4	46	08.3	54.3	58.7	41.5	62.3		NE	{ Fine—nearly cloudless—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
T 28	30.100	30.092	62.0	30.080	30.072	58.3	48	05.8	54.7	65.2	45.8	59.4		N	{ Fine—lt. clouds & wind throughout the day. Ev. Fine & starlight.	
F 29	30.088	30.082	62.3	30.008	30.000	58.8	46	07.6	55.3	63.0	45.7	66.0		NE	{ A.M. Fine—lt. clouds & wind. P.M. Fine & cloudless. Ev. Cloudy.	
S 30	29.882	29.876	69.7	29.822	29.814	60.3	51	06.9	57.7	68.7	47.6	61.6		ENE	{ Fine—nearly cloudless—light wind throughout the day. Evening, Fine and starlight.	
MEAN.	30.068	30.061	52.6	30.039	30.031	50.7	42	04.5	46.9	52.6	41.1	53.8	.170			Mean Barometer corrected { 9 A.M. 3 P.M. F 30.067 .. 29.983 C. 29.999 .. 29.974

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ON FRESCO-PAINTING.

BY JOSEPH SEVERN, OF ROME.

In my former remarks (see ante, p. 314,) I attempted to explain why English artists would be more likely to excel in the grandeur of Historical painting, through the medium of the Fresco, rather than the Oil material, and that the obstacles were not in our ignorance of that simple medium, but in our defective design, including our artificial and theatrical notions of composition. I hope now to be able to show, that in those essential points, design and composition, the English school possesses the real groundwork, which, with singular injustice to itself, it rarely or never exercises to its full extent, and which, if it did, there would be a hope of our surpassing all the continental schools of art; as I think the rare quality, which I am about to explain, is not to be found in so high a degree (if it is to be found at all) in any of them.

Judging the art of painting, as I do, by its great Italian examples, particularly in fresco, which is its province of freedom and power, I should say that there is a real and individual groundwork applicable and belonging to all the various powers of painting. This groundwork is Nature; not the perfect nature applicable to sculpture, often mistaken, and much abused in our time, as one and the same,—but nature, with more of her imperfections than is generally supposed; imperfections that are essential to painting, if character and expression, or in a word if life be the object. No doubt sculpture, and the beautiful antique figures particularly, have somewhat blinded us as regards painting; and I cannot but think, that if it were the good fortune of modern times to turn up an antique picture of high Grecian art, even by Apelles or Zeuxis, we should find it entirely different to their sculpture in design and composition, as well as in everything else, for such is the case in the inferior examples at Pompeii and Herculaneum,

wherein the principles I am anxious to explain are always found.

Sculpture exists in the perfection of form, whatever that form may be, and it must be selected from various examples; for it is rare indeed to find perfect form in one individual model, as adapted to sculpture: and this can be easily understood when it is considered, that sculpture presents nothing but abstract form to the eye. But painting, on the contrary, imitates nature in all her infinite variety; and in this universal imitation an obvious distinction is to be made, not only as to the means of the art, but the mode by which the painter attains his object. Historical painting, in including the diversities of complexions and customs of the people of different nations and ages, is obliged to include much that is ugly and unseemly, as well as much that is imperfect in form; for the painting art rests on its powers of representing character and expression with all the life and vigour it is capable of; and forms and things which would be vulgar, mean, and even incompatible with the abstract and limited power of sculpture, are obliged to be taken with all their imperfections by the painter, for they assist the pictorial and mental powers of his art. I am induced to dwell on this nice distinction, because, with reference to fresco-painting, I know that many persons suppose that the "good drawing," talked of as necessary, means the sculptural perfection of form I have been speaking of, and which, as applied to painting, carries with it the impression of insipidity and weakness, and seems to exclude the representation of vigorous character and living expression, which most of us feel to belong to painting. But sculpture, and sculptural perfection, as applied indiscriminately to painting, has helped to tame it down to a classic imbecility, if I may so call it, where the spirit of expression is driven to dwell in the extravagance and unnaturalness of academical and theatrical attitudes. When character and expression are not allowed to

exist in form, then there is nothing left for them but attitude. This, I conceive, will explain at once the vast difference which is manifest between the quiet and natural manner in which the great Italian painters represented history, and that of the modern French, who have attempted to affect us in their historical painting by every species of action and extravagance, though always with the perfect forms and the drawing of sculpture. Their theory was to give perfection to painting, by imitating the perfection of antique sculpture; and they succeeded in introducing an original style, but from which we turn with displeasure, and sometimes disgust, to dwell on the repose and simplicity of the Italian masters, who, although accused of every kind of defect, we return to, and love even for their defects, because they are natural, and because painting assumes to be the universal language of nature. The French, in imitating the antique, have thought it expedient to give Apollo forms, more or less, to all their figures—to pare away every imperfection of humanity, whether it be in gods or heroes, or even in common men; and hence they have excluded character, and expression, save in violence of attitude. This is the sad change which many English people falsely anticipate is to be brought about by fresco-painting; and this is the mistake which I am anxious to correct, in advocating the cause of fresco-painting.

Who will be so bold as to say, that perfect and select form is essential to painting, when, in the finest examples of Raffaello, Domenichino, and all the other great Italians, we find in every figure some example of the imperfections of nature purposely introduced—I say purposely, as there is no other rational way of accounting for the fact, but that they did it on principle. The antique figures were before their eyes, even more vividly than they are before ours: they were dug up in their time, and must have appeared more wonderful from their novelty; consequently, the Italian painters must have had the same temptation to take or leave them as we have, and they *did* take them, but in part only, and so far as they helped to develop the true and distinctive characters of painting. The French take them entire, and the English never take them at all. We can find, for example, in the figure of Heliodorus, by Raffaello, something of the grand form of the Illissus, (in the Elgin marbles), but we find nothing of the antique in the terrible scourging Angels, who strike him down with such energy and life. Now, who can say that if the imperfection of forms which are found in those Angels were taken away, it would not leave somewhat of tameness and insipidity? or why, if we are struck by the terrible fury which Raffaello has given these figures, should we not infer that it exists even in the ruggedness of their forms?

I can well remember the shame and surprise I felt on first going to draw in a foreign academy, at Rome—where every artist, even the beginners, produced such beautiful forms. But the fascination was soon dispelled; for week after week different models of different ages and characters were brought before us, from the young and gentle, to the strong and muscular, and these artists I found made them all alike. The different characters were so refined and idealized, that it seemed to me I was no longer in the province of Painting, but in the ideal world of Sculpture. Young as I was, I might blindly have concluded that these artists were in the right, had there not been all those immortal fresco works around me with which Rome abounds, and which convinced me of the modern error, and in the inspiration of which works I venture humbly to offer these explanations.

These works will show that the Italian masters selected individual nature,—no doubt the finest examples, but always individuals. How, indeed, is it possible to give that character which the art demands, without individual nature, whereon to raise that structure of life and energy, that endless variety of forms and colours, those varied costumes with all their particularities? Again, look to the landscape and architecture, with those effects of atmosphere which give such reality to the historic scene—how is it possible to make the figures belong to these, (and to these they must belong,) if the forms are to be perfected with so much ideal beauty that they become the only unnatural things in the picture?

Painting will have men nearly as they are: give them mind to any extent,—give them overflowings

of life and soul,—but they must look like men, for the art will have it so, as it had it in all the great Italian examples. Let sculptors revel in their ideal world, but we must live in a real one if we wish to be painters. This brings me to the immediate point of my subject, without which these remarks would be impertinent,—the groundwork of design existing in the English School, but only the groundwork. This I consider to be rather in the *charm of nature* as a characteristic, than in the mere artistical power of drawing academically well; for the one may exist without the other, but in the design I am explaining they must exist together. Its grand principle is in the natural, correct, and graceful building up of the figure. Reynolds is great in this, although he is thought to be so bad a draftsman, while thousands of inferior artists succeed in the academical part; all France and Italy, indeed, abound with them: in the latter country, even children learn to draw according to the trick before they learn to read or write. Reynolds aimed at something higher. It is true he gives us slovenly and ill-defined extremities, (the result, not of ignorance, but of his numerous experiments,) but he never gives us a figure ill built up, or without the irresistible charm of nature; and this I find, more or less, the characteristic of the English school, in contrast to every other. It may have defects in the details of its drawing, it may have unsightly forms, it may have trivial and vulgar subjects, its greatest excellence may be in portraits,—in fact, it may deserve most of the abuse which befalls it, but the charm of nature is never wanting. Now this praise cannot be bestowed on any other modern school; and small as it is, yet it is a genuine morsel, to be found in all the great Italian works from Raffaello down to Claude (who may be considered an Italian), in all of which you find the charm of nature. This is the real basement of good design in painting; and although but a basement, yet it is one whereon we can raise, if we please, any kind of structure in Art: we can safely use the Antique—we can even deal in the grand forms of Michael Angelo with impunity, but always with this guide. It was this enabled the great English sculptor, Flaxman, (the greatest and most universal artist of modern times,) to find out the essentials of Greek Art, which the French have ever missed. But in Painting it was more difficult to be found. The Italians found it, and carried Art to perfection, for in the imperfections they had the courage and taste to leave it; which imperfections the French, in trying to take away, removed also the key-stone of Art—they left out the charm of nature. In modern painting, perhaps, no one has gone so securely towards high art as Reynolds, but he stopped short; and in carrying the thing further, others ceased to have this solid characteristic, and we have ceased to care about their works. Yet we care about Reynolds as much as ever, with all his faults. Why is this? he has the charm of nature. On the contrary, Lawrence, with fine qualities and a feeling for nature, sunk under the influence of fashion; and we may trace to him the long throat, small head, and little feet, with much of the mawkishness of modern English art. Wilkie may be regarded as the most perfect painter of the English school. He not only had nature, though not in all her charms, but he applied all the fine principles of Art; he concentrated them, and produced a style new, as it was a combination of several never before combined; he took Raffaello's power of expressing the subject, his elegance of composition and even design, with Rembrandt's force and Teniers' mechanism, all bound together by the charm of nature.

This has to be done in English historical painting. The same principles must be extended and raised as we see them in the Italian schools. So far we are moral cowards in Art; that in avoiding the errors of the French we are content to be like little children, fed with spoon meat. In our painting we are in leading strings, whilst we are full grown men in other things. This must arise principally from our strong feeling for nature when we attempt painting; for we tremble at the brink of a classic influence, because we fancy it is not to be carried out with nature. The same with highly imaginative works—we fall short by becoming tame and mawkish; so that portrait, landscape, and domestic scenes are the only things left to our wilful cowardice, and these, as we do them well, we are determined shall be the only things we will do at all.

But now the Historical field is opening to us in the painting of the new Houses of Parliament, and we shall be forced into a bolder and more manly style of design. Let us not look at the French, or think that we are in danger of falling into their excesses, for we are not—it is not in us, if we wished for it; indeed, it is our fear of it which keeps us back. Let us then venture on the boldness of Italian art, that is, to do things without caring for the defects, but only thinking on the real and actual power which lies in the sphere of painting, and of how little we have yet exercised it. Our ancestors may not have been so handsome as the Greeks; but they were quite as manly, as full of genius, and have left us, not works of art, but enduring principles, institutions, laws, and a history of which we have now to make works of art. To this purpose Greek art would not be desirable, if we could have it. Englishmen transformed to Greeks would be as absurd as Greeks transformed to Englishmen. The Germans have succeeded in creating a style of design that is independent of the antique, though not nearer nature than the Italian, or with so much beauty. We, with our strong feeling for nature, may go still further, for we may use the antique as the Italians did, to make it our own; but it must be to gain something like power in design—something which shall shun the Gallic-Greek on the one hand, and, on the other, the influences of English fashion, both equally prejudicial to Art. Surely here, as everywhere else, there are fine individual specimens of nature, if the artist will but take time to seek for them, for the English are considered to be a fine-looking people. In the great church processions of Rome, where there are many of all nations joined with the Italians, I always thought the Irish monks the most historic looking men. Yet, judging from modern Exhibitions, one would think the English but an ordinary race, from the sovereign down to the artisans and beggars. Our women are considered to be the most beautiful in the world, whatever we may paint and think them; for in modern English art they are shown in every degree of languishment and lassitude, from the "Betroths" to the "Forsakens,"—all of which, I should say, were the productions of the most immoral people in the world, even more so than the French, who only disgust, did I not know they were meant to represent high-minded English women, virtuous as they are accomplished. All this arises from defective design, for as it cannot produce style, it produces fashion; and so a hideous monster, in the shape of taste, becomes the order of the day—hence these ambiguous ladies, and gentlemen as their companions, with pocket-book faces. A very little honest drawing will remedy all this, but it must be drawing alone on a cartoon, for colour and effect will paralyze it. Let us have a touch of bold Art once more, even as good as Reynolds, and we shall see Fashion bow to it as it did to him.

SALE OF WILKIE'S DRAWINGS AND PICTURES.

Sir David Wilkie's Drawings, of which we last week noticed three days' sale, took an additional two for the like purpose, so industrious and energetic was this artist. Yet, both these batches together are but as oozings and lees of the wine-press, not its most precious nor entire produce. The former batch comprised home-subjects chiefly, the one now before us presents foreign details. Sir David's travels may be traced by his sketches, along the Zuyder-zee, Rhine, Inn, Danube, Propontia, Nætolian and Syrian waters, through the Dutch States, Western Germany, Bavaria, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Asia Minor, Palestine, and Egypt, where he neither set up monuments like Alexander, nor dilapidated them like Lord Elgin, yet contrived at once to render his presence in all these regions memorable and profitable. His drawing-paper is "stained with the variation of each soil," as distinctly as Sir Walter Blunt's surcoat was of yore; here we have copies from Rembrandt at Amsterdam, Figures at Frankfort, Heads at Munich, High Mass at Vienna, Warm Bath at Pesth, Bazaar at Constantinople, Corn Mill at Smyrna, Synagogue at Jerusalem, Battle-field at Alexandria, and numerous ecceteras near each of these places besides. Many among his sketches he no doubt meant for mere memoranda, his notes put down in pictorial writing, which he could afterwards consult upon occasion; but they are now magnified

into his or similar genius," that part great m otherwise with his his mind ing them o'-Groom his inspi rather th opinion; landish goman a guinea's! neas. A There w calls the fourth (2 461), 29 I we shall alone see type of f burnt-um gorgeous came She their bar or charac (No. 450 over-dign shops and but Wilk of mien Solyman what all more: as noble figu higher att character Turks sit taken up their cust very well thus desc spangled metars, e sense of f (No. 468 and feelin sherbet, 4 have men Moore, in itself; 36 yet better neas. 'A tic expres 29 guinea (No. 465 very grace 34 guinea a Fountain that origi the Post-Ride guinea. the nobles But the beautiful Walker's own red a her costum out reman drawings Writer Young L Lady at I goman' (reading' 25 guinea Messenge Sisters at of Camel be said ab and Whit 'Portrait if not ill- by Nature casian, ac

into his "Works," and will make his ghost blush or smile to hear their hastiness called "fire of genius," their emptiness "breadth," their blotches that particularise colours "touches that bespeak the great master." Finished or unfinished, slight or otherwise, we admire them very little in comparison with his national productions: we cannot but think his mind was misapplied upon them; and while looking them over we often wished he had gone to John-o-Groat's house rather than Jericho, and had drawn his inspirations from the "well of Scottish undefiled" rather than the Dead Sea. However, this is not public opinion; enormous prices were given for these outlandish things, particularly the Oriental. A 'Dragoman and his Daughter' (No. 592), brought 90 guineas! Another 'Dragoman' (No. 576), 36 guineas. A third 'Dragoman' (No. 553), 31 guineas. There were no end to *Druggermen*, as Dryden calls them with unintentional expressiveness; a fourth (No. 467) brought 55 guineas; a fifth (No. 461), 29 guineas, and a sixth (No. 463), 36 guineas. We shall specify no more; the last-mentioned one alone seemed to us much above the common-place type of turban'd heroes—men like lay figures with burnt-umber cheeks and charcoal eyes, for stuffing out gorgeous dresses and keeping theatrical postures. Then came Sheiks, and Pashas, and Persian princes, in all their barbaric pomp, none of which had either interest or character to engage our sympathies. A 'Sheik' (No. 450), was among the best, 63 guineas. Such over-dignified attitudes suit them for signs to shawshops and bazaars, like Highlanders to tobacconists; but Wilkie's own 'Bagpiper' has a moral elevation of mind that this artist at least could not bestow on Solymans the Magnificent. He delineates them as, what all semi-barbarians are—erect animals—or little more: as such they may be very handsome, very noble figures, but he fails to endow them with those higher attributes that exalt many even of the humblest characters in his *civilized* scenes and subjects. Stolid Turks sitting cross-legged, like stamps or seals to be taken up by giant letter-writers and dropt again into their cushions, may illustrate a book of Costumes very well; we were grieved that Sir David should thus descend into a drapery-painter. Garish turbans, spangled tunics, and petticoat-trousers, sashes, scymelars, ear-rings, and bracelets, ill supply the absence of intellectual character. A 'Persian Prince' (No. 468), afforded scope for some touch of nature and feeling in the Black Slave who serves him with sherbet, 55 guineas. A few other Oriental figures have merit despite their gaudy habiliments. 'Mrs. Moore, in an Arab dress' (No. 591), is prettiness itself; 36 guineas. A 'Child and Nurse' (No. 575), yet better, brought (of course) a lower price; 23 guineas. A 'Jewish Woman' (No. 544), with characteristic expression, unlike the fair insipidities of the harem, 29 guineas. 'Madame Josephina, in a Turkish dress' (No. 465), the hostess of a Constantinople hotel, very graceful, and more lady-like than landlady-like, 34 guineas. A 'Woman giving her Child drink at a Fountain' (No. 459), the child's eagerness betraying that origin of all vice and all virtue—selfishness—with the vividest truth possible; 26 guineas. A 'Post-Rider' (No. 444), also natural and spirited; 30 guineas. A 'Mulleter' (No. 451), like a prophet, the noblest unaffected attitude we saw; 49 guineas. But the most charming of all these sketches, was a beautiful little English girl, 'Daughter of Admiral Walker' (No. 471), dressed à la Turque, nature's own red and white vying with the splendid colours of her costume; 70 guineas. We will enumerate without remark, which is remark enough, some other drawings and prices. 'First Sketch of the Letter-Writer' (No. 446), 29½ guineas; 'Portrait of a Young Lady at Pera' (No. 469), 37 guineas; 'Jewish Lady at Pera' (No. 481), 42 guineas; a 'Jew Dragoman' (No. 553), 31 guineas; 'Jewish Woman reading' (No. 554), 21 guineas; a 'Sheik' (No. 573), 25 guineas; the 'Travelling Tartar to the Queen's Messenger' (No. 589), 31 guineas; 'Three Greek Sisters at Therapia' (No. 590), 31 guineas; a 'Study of Camels' (No. 574), 39 guineas. Somewhat may be said about the subjoined articles: 'A Black Slave and White Child' (No. 447), very pretty, 18 guineas; 'Portrait of a Circassian Lady' (No. 462), the original, if not ill-treated by the artist, was not at all favoured by Nature, as less beautiful forms, contours less Circassian, according to our idea of the term, could hardly

be found in a Caffrarian; 43 guineas; 'Admiral Walker' (No. 470), who wears that look we so much like in a British sea-officer, bluff, yet good humoured and generous; 30 guineas; 'Mrs. Redhouse and Admiral Walker's Child' (No. 472) very pretty, but 17½ guineas; a 'Turkish Coffee-house' (No. 482), of full and good composition, 27 guineas. Amongst the views were various Scriptural localities, in particular many spots sacred to Christian recollections: the Holy Sepulchre, Pool of Bethesda, &c. 'Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives' (No. 536), and 'Bethlehem' (No. 548), though slight and but partly tinted, furnished good general aspects of these celebrated places; 26 guineas each. 'Study of the Nativity in the costume of the present day' (No. 549): "in the costume of the present day!"—*cui bono?*—this was carrying love of oriental finery to a mania indeed!—what have Mohammedan spectators to do with a Nativity?—27 guineas. A 'Jewish Child and Mother' (No. 552), very pretty: we once thought nothing from Wilkie's pencil could reduce us to praises so vague as these brilliant superficialities oblige us to iterate; 51 guineas. Large prices for them was a matter of course, in an age and nation when *Raffaels' Drawings* have remained years unsold! Let us make a calculation: all true judges, however patriotic, will admit the worst drawing by Raffael of more real merit and value than the three best by Wilkie; now if but one hundred among the hundred-and-eighty Raffael Drawings were genuine, that collection would have been worth, at 270 guineas each work (thrice the price of No. 592), *seven and twenty thousand pounds!*—We cannot but think that transient and adventitious circumstances have given an ephemeral value to these Sketches—their author's death still fresh in public memory—"Eastern interests"—a rage for new sights, and for glitter and gorgeousness, consequent on a mental palate depraved by daily swallowing of gold: we must add another potent cause, the obvious suitability such subjects possess for the great purposes of modern engraving—shop-window prints and illustration of *Annals*! What a god-send was Wilkie's death to the scrappers of steel-plates, their publishers, and editorial employers! Alack and well-a-day, that he who painted the 'Blind Fiddler,' 'Village Politicians,' 'Reading the Will,' and similar masterpieces, should become embellisher of gilt-gingerbread books to amuse sentimentalists in boudoirs and yawning fashionables upon saloon loungers!—A sixth day's sale comprised oil-pictures and oil-sketches alone. 'Ceres in search of Proserpine' (No. 602), was remarkable, from its extreme badness, its *classic* style, and its being the first oil-work done by Wilkie to contest the Edinburgh Academical prize; 31. 10s. 'Diana and Calisto with Nymphs' (No. 623), a later but like curious attempt, which however bore off the palm; 46 guineas. 'Bacchantes in a classical landscape' (No. 645), richly coloured, ridiculously conceived, 51 guineas. 'The Queen' (No. 643), valueless except as a Royal portrait; 40 guineas. Two full-length portraits of 'George IV. in a Highland Dress' (Nos. 646, 655), one small, the other life-size, 60 and 100 guineas. Two full-lengths of 'William IV.' and 'Queen Adelaide' (Nos. 656, 657): stiff, mechanical productions, but which we expected would have brought more than 56 and 53 guineas from lovers of monarchy and large gallery-portraits. 'Queen Victoria' (No. 658), in state robes, full-length and life-size, with background, &c. was purchased for Bombay, by a Hindoo Knight, at no nabob price, 115 guineas. 'John Knox administering the Sacrament' (No. 652), a small sketch, unfinished; 80 guineas. The same subject, but different in composition, and on a larger scale, portions of many figures finished, all the rest blank or slightly traced with chalk (No. 653). This picture promised much excellence of painting and total misappropriateness of character. The heads are wrought to miniature fineness, yet still with freedom and spirit; but they neither individualize the persons, nor localize the scene; neither suggest the age, the nation, nor the reigning fanatical spirit. Knox's sombre dignified visage would better become a St. Bruno; it is as much too noble and sedate as that of "Knox Preaching" is too vulgar and burlesque. The handsome, smooth-faced warriors beside him resemble Tenth Hussars, rather than hard-featured Scotch Reformers. Panel; 180 guineas. 'Five Heads' (No. 654), part of a subject for which there were several drawings,

called 'Samuel and Eli': these heads are not in the deep-brown tone of the last, but glossier and more enamelled; a girlish one with upward look, is quite Correggicque for polished impasto, and sweetness, though without any salaciousness, of expression; 52 guineas. Some oriental oil-sketches brought extravagant prices: a 'Tartar relating the Capture of Acre' (No. 666), nearly finished into a picture, might deserve 175 guineas, as well coloured and composed, if deficient in dramatic power; whilst the 'Letter Writer' (No. 667), a trifling subject, obtained 425 guineas, on the strength of its splendid draperies. Should a sensual merit like this outweigh dramatic power, truth to nature, expression, beautiful form, and humour combined? When, likewise, there is no want of admirable colouring and composition? All these attributes distinguish 'The School,' a large picture, somewhat unfinished (No. 668), yet it was knocked down at but 720 guineas! Why? because it is not *Oriental*! There sits the well-known Village Pedagogue amidst his throng of honest little British clodpates, male and female, whose mingled hum and half-subdued uproar seem to rise from the panel you gaze at, and the miseries, the merriment, and the mischiefs of their school-hours to be in very process upon it! Wilkie, we are told, painted this work as a proof that his earlier genius had not deserted him, and that he could return to his earlier style if it pleased him. Here is all the genius, but not all the style, which was perhaps irrecoverable. The style of invention and composition remains unadulterated, the style of colouring and execution seems, like woman's virtue, to have been when once lost, lost for ever. Instead of the silver-gray tone and spirited staccato touch he learnt from Teniers, we have lustrous Murillo tints, and smooth globular modelling like Correggio's, contrasted by his own late streakiness of manner. These, trifles as they appear, militate much against the general effect: his simpler, rougher style was quite harmonious with his homely subjects, to which southern hues give a more brilliant but an exaggerated complexion, and, no less than the mixed modes of workmanship, a character somewhat hybrid and artificial.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

OUR whole time, this week, has been so engrossed by the importunate demands of the season, the exhibitions, concerts, and, above all, by the important Report, an analysis of which forms so marking a feature in this day's paper, that, had we been all ears we must have closed them for the last seven days,—or were we all tongue, we must now be brief or silent, for we have hardly a column left wherein to record a whisper. Enough then to announce as forthcoming, a most interesting work on The Arabesque-Frescoes, by Raphael and his Scholars, entitled, 'The Architectural Decorations of Rome, during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries,' in a series of twenty-four plates drawn and engraved by Thürmer and Guten-shon, from works existing in the Vatican, the Farnesina, the Villa Madama, and other celebrated villas in and near Rome—and, a 'Journal, with Illustrations, of a Tour to Constantinople by the Danube; and of a Tour in the South of Spain, with the Author's Correspondence with Prince Metternich, Lords Ponsonby and Palmerston, &c.,' by the Marquis of Londonderry.

Other reports less pleasant have reached us. A Sister of Robert Burns, the last survivor of his father's family, still lives, it appears, a widow, at an advanced age, in the village of Tranent in Haddingshire, with two unmarried daughters, whose utmost exertions and industry have been found insufficient to keep them from absolute indigence. "I lately paid her a visit," says Mr. Robert Chambers, "and found her a decent-looking old person, with a good deal of the poet's physiognomy, and particularly his fine dark eyes. The youngest of William Burns's children, she was twelve years old at the time when he died at Lochlea, a broken-spirited man. She was one of the household at Mossiel during its occupancy by Robert and Gilbert Burns in succession, and she afterwards married a person named Beggs, who, for ten years, conducted the business of Gilbert's farm of Dunning. Since the death of her husband, her sons being removed from her, and unable to assist her, she has been dependent on her two daughters, who, though

active and most respectable young women, are barely able to keep house for themselves and their venerable parent. In short, the Sister of Burns has fallen in the course of Providence into poverty, and her last years are threatened with those distresses, the dread of which is the theme of so many of her brother's verses. I was much affected on hearing her say that, having in her earliest years been witness of the troubles which lowered over her father's house, having afterwards partaken of the hardships at Mossiel, having passed through a long married life in circumstances at no time easy, and being now reduced to absolute indigence, she felt as if she had walked side by side with Grief from her very childhood. I am satisfied, from rigid inquiries, that Mrs. Begg and her two daughters are perfectly worthy persons, and that complaint would never have been heard from them, if the most self-devoting industry on the part of the young women were sufficient to keep their mother in comfort. The public is doubtless much taxed; but, on the other hand, some claims are sacred. The poems of Burns daily give delight to thousands, and will continue to do so for ages. The name of the Ayrshire bard has even been associated by some living writers with those of which England is proudest. While we soars so high, to think of one so near and dear to him as a sister sinking into penury—hearing from a cold ingle-cheek the echoes of a nation's acclaim at every mention of the name she bears—she, the last of the real members of that group which, as a poetical picture, must live for ever in the 'Cotter's Saturday Night'—in short, the Sister of Burns—to think of all this, I say, is more than I can suppose the public patiently enduring, burdened as it is." It is more, too, than we can suppose; and therefore we will mention that Mr. Chambers himself, of Edinburgh, Mr. Montearth, of Closeburn, Dumfriesshire, Mr. Thomas Carlyle, of Chelsea, and Mr. John Wilson, of Covent Garden Theatre, have consented to receive subscriptions, and appropriate the funds in such manner as may seem most likely to secure Mrs. Begg's future comfort.

The small collection of Ancient Pictures which belonged to Sir David Wilkie contained two which merit notice. A finished Study by *Rubens* for the centre-piece at Whitehall (No. 680). This has a double value, first as it is in the Great Decorator's genuine bold style, and second as it preserves the original idea of 'King James's Apotheosis,' whilst successive repaintings have obscured or rather defaced the Whitehall ceiling itself: it brought 80 guineas. 'La Strada alla Gloria' by *Correggio* (No. 689); an allegorical subject from the Altieri palace at Rome. Nothing can better prove the fallibility of professional criticism than that Wilkie should have believed such a coarse imitation authentic. Nay, he even finds all "the Correggescity of Correggio" in it, assimilating its mechanism to that of "the Spanish Correggio at the National Gallery"! A late newspaper report does not with more ingenious errorneousness describe it to be—"A view in Venice by Correggio, celebrated as having been formerly in the Altieri palace." So much for the 'Path to Glory'! It nevertheless brought 150 guineas. Several works by *H. Singleton* deceased were likewise put off at auction during the present week: they were all of the commonest brushwork kind in bright colours, and so superficially monotonous that they seemed all done in a day. Some paintings ejected from Mr. Vernon's gallery were also disposed of by Messrs. Christie & Manson. It might be a lesson to purchasers of Exhibition pictures, varnished and "touched up" as such things are for the nonce, if they saw what sorry productions,

"So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone," once drew admiration and encomium. Yet here were great modern names—*Turner, Elty, Eastlake, &c.*—and some recent performances! Fuseli stands the test of time far better, his colours being no worse than at first, and his outlines retaining all their original merits as well as defects.

The death of M. André, of Offenbach, Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, and the probable dispersion of his musical manuscripts—is an event as likely to create a sensation in one section of the world of European art, as any of the Strawberry miniatures among the Beckfords and Rogerses of English *virtù*. As a man, M. André was rough, eccentric, and whimsical. But he has many claims

to the gratitude of the musician. Besides being a collector and publisher, he was a composer of no mean merit. He was the master in turn of Spohr, Schneider, Lachner, &c. He assisted by his contributions the musical gazettes of Leipzig, Berlin, and Vienna: but he will principally be regretted and remembered as having published the early essays of young musicians of talent. M. André has left a musical library containing about 13,000 printed works and 8,000 manuscripts. Among the latter are many unpublished compositions by celebrated authors, ancient and modern, about 300, it is said, by Mozart, which M. André purchased three years ago from the widow of that great artist. His funeral was attended by more than 1,500 persons, many of whom came from a distance, some from as far as Frankfort; and two hundred young persons performed a variety of hymns, set to music by himself.

The obituary of the past fortnight is also marked by the name of M. Bocquillon-Wilhem, which has recently become so familiar to our lovers of music and our friends of Art in Education. The early days of this good man's life were obscurely passed in struggle and difficulty; and it was not till his intimacy with M. Beranger enabled the latter to present him to M. Dégerando, that he gained a hearing for the plans which have since spread so widely, and we trust, rooted so deeply, here as well as in France. The latter period of his life, again, was darkened by a severe domestic calamity in the suicide of his son. At his obsequies, the church of St. Sulpice was crowded, and his pupils combined in executing a requiem. His old friend the *Chansonnier* was one of the pall-bearers, and M. le Chevalier Neukomm presided over the music. He is buried in Père la Chaise.

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS, at their GALLERY, PAUL MALL EAST, is NOW OPEN. Open each Day from Nine till Dusk. Admission 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

R. HILLS, Sec.

THE EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS is NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PAUL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 o'clock till Dusk. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The Two Pictures, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BOUTON; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlehem, painted by M. BENOIX, from a Sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A. in 1839. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

ITALIAN AND FLEMISH GALLERY, 49, PAUL MALL.—THE APOTHEOSIS OF THE MAGDALEN, by LUDOVICO CARACCI.—The great original picture by RUBENS, THE EVILS OF WAR.—THE DELUGE, by MR. JOHN MARTIN.—A Fine Head in Fresco, by CORREGGIO, and other works of high class, are now on View and on Sale. Open from 11 till 5. Admission 1s.

N.B. Near the British Institution.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ASIATIC SOCIETY.

April 16.—The Director in the chair.

The paper read was written by the late President; and delivered in a short time before his demise. It relates to a dress found in a provincial church in Saxony, and deposited in the museum of the Society of Antiquaries at Dresden; and it had been supposed to be an ecclesiastical robe from some oriental Christian church. When the Earl of Munster saw this dress, he at once knew that it was a *khelat*, or dress of honour, of considerable antiquity, such as it has been the practice of the princes of Western Asia, from time immemorial, to present to those of their inferiors in station, whom they wished to distinguish with a mark of their approbation. The dress in question is like a short Spanish cloak; it is less than a yard in length, and is chiefly formed of cloth of gold, having an Arabic inscription woven in its texture, and not embroidered upon it. A closer examination showed it to be of the thirteenth century. The object of the paper was to point out the antiquity of the practice of giving such dresses; as well as to show how long ago the art of figure-weaving in the East had made rapid strides, while in the West it was scarcely in existence; and to what perfection it had attained. The antiquity of the practice is shown by the mention in the Bible of the dress given to Joseph by the Pharaoh of Egypt, of that bestowed on the prophet Daniel by Belshazzar, and of that with which the disgraced Haman was compelled to clothe the Jew Mordecai. It was in use among the Sassanides in Persia, and, though at first despised, was gradually adopted by the conquering Arabs,

until at length it has become almost a part of the Mohammedan faith, being in use from Turkey in Europe to the extreme limits of Asia, wherever the monarch has been a follower of Mohammed. There are some traces of the existence of the practice among the Christian princes of Europe in the Middle Ages; and the English governors in India have found it politic to give *khelats* to Mohammedans on whom it was thought proper to bestow marks of approbation. The dress under consideration was obviously woven in a loom of complicated and curious construction, though only thirteen inches in width, but such as Europe at that time could not produce; and even at the present day it would be difficult to construct a loom with powers necessary for such a texture. Ancient as this specimen is, the art is stated by native historians to be more ancient. It was practised under the Khalifs cotemporary with Charlemagne; and, according to the same testimony, it was borrowed by them from the Sassanides, which is corroborated by the adoption of the Persian term *taraz*, used by the earlier Arabs to denote this peculiar kind of weaving. Though carried so far back by positive testimony, his Lordship was disposed to take it still further into antiquity. He thought it probable that the Babylonian stuffs mentioned by the Greeks and Romans, were of the same workmanship, and noticed the exceedingly fine texture of cloths taken from Egyptian tombs, which must have been deposited 1800 years before the Christian era, demonstrating the great skill of the weaver at so early a period. He was inclined to conjecture that the hangings of the moveable tabernacle in the desert were of this same manufacture, from the use of the word *רקם*, *raham*, usually translated embroidery, but more probably meaning intricate weaving; as in Psalm cxxxix, 15, where David used the word to typify the curious working of his own frame. The paper concluded by an allusion to a curtain from the Mosque at Acre, in his Lordship's collection, taken by the troops of Ali Pasha in the storming of that fortress. This curtain was covered with Arabic sentences and ornaments most elaborately woven in gold, in a manner which no European loom could execute.

A short paper, from Sir J. E. Alexander, was afterwards read, of some notes made by Dr. Troost, Professor of Geology at Nashville, Tennessee, relative to traces of Lingam worship in America. Dr. Troost had been much struck with traces of the existence of ancient races of men in the wilder parts of the state of Tennessee, particularly their burial grounds, some of which are a mile in length. The coffins are of stone, and close to each other. The bodies are buried with their ornaments, trinkets, &c., all of very rude construction. The necklaces are usually made of shells, which are found only on the tropical shores of the continent, evidencing the southern origin of these aboriginal races. Many images are found among the ornaments of these graves, most of which are of baked clay; but some, and those the most carefully executed, are of the primitive rocks, and appear rude imitations of the ancient Priapus. One figure, a lingam, was of amphibolite rock, so hard that steel made no impression on it. It must have been slowly ground down with a substance as hard as emery; notwithstanding which, it is perfectly smooth. These representations are corroborative of the assertion of Kircher, made on the authority of Cortes, that Phallus worship was established in Central America at the epoch of the Spanish invasion; which also receives confirmation from a plate in Stephens's late travels there, and from the well-ascertained fact that the Puritans destroyed many such images found in or near the early settlements in the colonies. Sketches of some of the figures found were laid upon the table.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—May 3.—The President in the chair. The first paper read was 'An Account of the Tunnels between Bath and Bristol on the Great Western Railway,' by Mr. Nixon. These works are more than usually interesting from the frequency of the tunnels, their large dimensions, and the rapidity with which they were executed—the details of the execution were given minutely, and the paper was illustrated by drawings.

After a discussion upon the prices paid for the various works, the deviations from the original line, and the comparative advantages of the different

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modes of working, Dr. Buckland described the geological formation of the locality, and pointed out the precautions which were necessary in driving tunnels through various kinds of rocks. In the unstratified rocks, excavations could be made with perfect safety, but in those whose strata or lines of cleavage approached the vertical, greater attention was required; whilst in the chalk, oolite, marl, lias, and similar formations, the danger was even more decided; and it was contended, that in tunnels through such strata, unless they were lined with masonry throughout, unless the vibration arising from the traversing of the locomotives and carriages might cause the sudden fall of portions of the roof. The landslips caused by the accumulation of water or by unequal pressure were alluded to; and the more intimate connexion between engineers and geologists was insisted upon as advantageous for both parties.

The next paper was 'An account of the Railroad constructing between Liege and Verviers,' by Lieut. Oldfield. It described the general course of the railway descending by the long inclined plane from the height above Liege to the valley of the Meuse, its progress along the romantic banks of the Vesdre through tunnels, and over almost innumerable bridges and viaducts to Chaudfontaine, and thence onward through the town of Verviers to the frontiers of Germany towards Aix-la-Chapelle. The modes of excavating the tunnels, and the materials used in the other works on the line, were described; the general activities and curves of the road, the rails, chairs, and methods of fastening them to the sleepers, and the prices of labour and materials, were all given in detail; and the whole was illustrated by enlarged diagrams from the author's sketches.

Messrs. Atkinson, Giles, and Strickland were elected as Members; and Messrs. Warriner, White, Hoof, Combe, Guppy, Gow, and Strothers, as Associates.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Sat. Asiatic Society, 1, P.M.—Anniversary.
 Mon. Geographical Society, 4, p. 8.
 Tues. Civil Engineers, 8.—Description of the Machinery for working the Diving Bell at Kingstown Harbour, Dublin, by P. Henderson.—Description of a Steam Borehole Machine used for the Caledonian Canal, by W. Elliott.—'An account of the Explosion of a Steam Boiler at Penryn Works, South Wales,' by A. Stephens.
 — Zoological Society, 3.—Scientific Business.
 — Meteorological Society, 8.
 Wed. Medico-Botanical, 8.
 — Literary Fund, 3.
 Thurs. Royal Society, 4, p. 8.
 — Royal Society of Literature, 4.
 — Society of Antiquaries, 8.
 Fri. Astronomical Society, 8.—'An account, illustrated by a model, of a Zenith Sector of peculiar construction, to be used in the Ordnance Survey,' by the Astronomer Royal.
 — Royal Institution, 4, p. 8.—'On casting Bronze Statues,' by the Rev. John Barlow.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

ANY one endowed with a Janin's power of catching and caging nothings as they pass, might make a presentable *feuilleton*, taking for subject the first day of an Exhibition. For those who are not endowed with Herculean enterprise, or who conceive it an incivility to elbow and thrust aside ladies, however urgent their curiosity, a first visit to the Royal Academy means the sight of many backs, and the hearing of much gossip. Not being "pencilers," we will not stop to describe the enthusiastic family parties in search of their own portraits, the artistical long curls and open throats hovering here and there, on the skirts of the less professional public—the well accustomed and complacent dilettanti lounging from station to station, at every step, in fancy building up or pulling down a reputation. But we may, perhaps, without offence, register a few of the facts and opinions with which, on our first visit, we were obliged to content ourselves instead of pictures. There were general lamentations for Wilkie—as general congratulations on Landseer's return—general regret that Eastlake and Mulready should have confined themselves each to a single contribution—ecstasies on the part of some, at the domesticity of subject agreed in by our painters—lamentations from others at the absence of a single grand historical picture, which might justify the predictions that cartoons equal to those of the German designers will come as soon as called for. Close to one ear — and — were combining in pears laudatory of the lovely hand-work of favourite Academicians; hard by the other, a distinguished foreigner, who has a right to pronounce sentence upon art, beyond the question of common or

interested gazers, was expatiating on the superficial beauty of the show as a whole, which, however, could not bear strict examination in detail. The general impression, in short, made by this seventy-fourth exhibition of the Royal Academicians, seemed to be that of agreeable mediocrity. "Hear all and believe little" is not, perhaps, the worst motto a critic might take for his guidance. Accordingly, having attempted to present in miniature compass, the *pros* and *cons* buzzed about the room,—we shall now record the observations which subsequent visits have enabled us to make for ourselves: beginning, as in order bound, with the great line of the great room, but taking leave to wander upward and downward, as temptation or curiosity may justify.

Close to the door of entrance hangs a *Magdalen*, (6) by Mr. Etty, half length and life size. It will surprise no one at all familiar with the peculiar bent of the artist's genius, to hear of sumptuous bosom, and finely moulded neck—lips framed for kisses rather than prayers—

—love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn.

And as far as outline and expression go, the fair sinner here pictured is no bad type of sensual beauty of a low order; for we must add this qualification when we recollect the *Magdalen* of Titian in the Barbarigo Palace—or Correggio's Reading Nymph in the Dresden Gallery, with a hundred other portraits of the same ideal from hands less famous. The painting, though unfinished, is executed with Mr. Etty's well-known richness of *impasto*; but the tone of colour is, for him, unusually morbid and endavourous. The yellowish clayey paleness diffused over the flesh is carried out by the peculiar flaxen tint of the hair. Already the picture wears an unpleasant—we may add, an unwholesome—look; and should Time deal with it, as he does with most roses and lilies on canvas, little will be left beyond a feeble and unlovely phantom. Let us hope that Mr. Etty will forbear from further repetitions of this peculiar effect. His palette has already a sufficient number of legitimate varieties, as we may presently have to observe.

Mr. Cope's *Schoolmaster* (8), if we mistake not, has been already announced to the public by an etching in the recent edition of Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' Mr. Roberts's *Interior of the Church of San Miguel, Xerez, Spain* (9) is a beautiful specimen of his peculiar taste of managing cathedral interiors—how different (a century's length at least) from the delicate pencillings of the Steenwycks and Neefs, of other schools!—Hard by, in one of the four places of honour, hangs a yet finer specimen of another master—Sir Augustus Calcott's *English Landscape* (10), so beautiful a picture after its serene and pastoral kind, as almost to reconcile us to the circumstance of our Academy affording nothing grander than a composition of a few trees and quiet water and a few animals, to fill so important a position. The worth of such a complete train of poetry, be its class ever so humble, could hardly better be tested than by comparing the pleasure derived from it, with that to be gathered from Mr. Herbert's figure-piece, which hangs immediately above.—*The First Introduction of Christianity into Britain* (11). As our readers know, we neither rate this artist's talent lightly, nor are unmindful of the high and pure aims to which he always appears anxious to devote it. And it may be for this very cause, that his works so frequently disappoint us; there are good ideas, forcible single heads, engaging episodes of colour in all, but in too many quietism is mistaken for repose, awkward attitude for easy action, and oppositions of colour exist, the result of which is discord, while the intention was harmony. To authenticate the justice of what is here advanced, we need but point to the figure of the child to the right of this picture; the uncouthness of which would rivet the eye, were the expression of the main group twice as earnest, and the story twice as clearly told.

Of the next two works marked for notice, we are content to pass Mr. Stanfield's *Fallone dei Mulini, Amalfi* (20), as we shall meet him again at a further stage of our pilgrimage. We must linger for a moment with Mr. Horsley's new conversation-piece (21), as it is the only picture he this year exhibits. It is a version of the pleasant manner in which a gentleman can win gloves from a lady. Truth to say, the fair debtor looks as if she had resigned herself to lose before she went to sleep, since she sits in an

attitude as inviting as ever tempted young lover. A gorgeous gloom is shed over the chamber by the accumulation of rich objects; and in the distribution and colouring of these, Mr. Horsley improves year by year. We bespoke him long ago for our *Mieris*, and he seems resolved to make good the title. But with this increased finish of touch, and mellowness of tone in details, we had a right to expect also increased precision of outline; and it is impossible to pass over sundry instances of mal-proportion: the neck and hands of the beauty, to go no further—are, one clumsily moulded, and the other unnaturally large. Again, the lover has too much of the wood and wire of the lay-figure, in his stealthy advance. The stiffer the costume, the more imperative is it for the painter to exhibit his fullest command over the joints and muscles thus *boarded over*; and it will be found that the greatest masters of starched ruff, steeled busk, and quilted doublet, have also so thoroughly studied the human form, as to suggest inward life and pulsation and symmetrical form, however rigid the armour.

Apres of ancient and modern times, Mr. Etty's pair of cabinet figures (20 and 39), fall agreeably here into their places: the one being a young lady with a lap-dog, the other a knight as stalwart and grim, as if Motherwell had chanted the prowess of his gauntlet. Both are clever: the beauty a little too dark in her shadows. Had the artist chosen to ring changes on words, the larger picture (39) might have been styled *Faery-time*; for it is a dance of those days when Tempe and Parnassus were young, and not the least poetical of Mr. Etty's many dreams of that golden age. Proceeding along the line, are we next stopped by Mr. Collins's *Welsh Guides, Llanberis* (46), a less charming Collins than another which hangs in the further corner; and by Mr. Creswick's *Landscape on the Greta* (51), which again is surpassed by a subsequent scene of river and rock and foliage. The two Turners, (*The Dogana, Venice*, 52, and *the Campo Santo*, 73), are among the loveliest, because least exaggerated pictures, which this magician (for such he is, in right of his command over the spirits of Air, Fire, and Water), has recently given us. Fairer dreams never floated past poet's eye; and the aspect of the City of Waters is hardly one iota idealized. As pieces of effect, too, these works are curious; close at hand, a splashed palette—an arm's length distant, a clear and delicate shadowing forth of a scene made up of crowded and minute objects! There is a poem, too, in the reflected sails of the boat, which glides along like some stately water-bird,—with a song, be sure, as she comes:—but we must not begin to rhapsodize.

Three portraits in consecutive numbers (59, 60, and 61,) next claim our attention. The first and last are by Mr. Grant, who is rising high (as our eaves-dropping on the first day acquainted us,) in fashionable esteem as a portrait painter; and illustrates here, the august names of Glenlyon and Beauclerc: the former portrait, we confess, pleases us little. It seems already feeble and faded. In the cabinet full-length the artist is more at home, and shows himself as graceful and delicate as the subject required. But the pale robes and the pearly flesh-tints Mr. Grant affects, stand but a poor chance, in the peculiar position they occupy. Between them, like a tulip between two lilies, hangs a costume portrait by Mr. Chalon, rich and gay enough to "do to death" any gentler-hued work. We are not, in general, very fervent admirers of the R.A. in question, as an oil-painter; and, on the present occasion, with all his force, he has not wholly escaped from the earthiness of texture and tawdriness of tint, which, carried a little further, would have degraded his work to the level of mere commonplace. But then, who ever managed costume like Chalon? We could admire the black mantilla, the blue ribbons, the velvet bodice vandyked with pearl, the quaintly-carved fan, the gorgeous carnation, and the delicate lace, as here arranged, if even they were not called in to set off the sweetest, sauciest Spanish face, that ever turned the head of Don or Duke.

We have now reached the great attraction of the great room—*The Play Scene in Hamlet* (62), by Mr. McClise. The manner in which the artist has treated the subject will suggest itself to all who are familiar with his fertility of imagination and facility of hand. There is hardly a plume or a shoe-tie—not a tendril

on the tapestry—not a shadow on the floor, that has not its part in enhancing meaning or marking action in his compositions, be they ever so complicated or crowded. In this respect his Shakspearian designs have a close affinity to those of Retzsch, whose attention to accessories is no less remarkable. Here, while the middle of the picture is occupied by the stage, with the veiled murderer pouring “the juice of cursed hony” into the ear of the sleeping monarch,—a portentous shadow behind grimly mimicking the deed, like a phantom witness declaring that “blood will have blood,”—to the left, above the King’s head, stands the calm statue of Justice with sword and scales, while the arras represents the story of Cain and Abel,—to the right, above the fair Ophelia, is Prayer, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes, while the tapestry shows the Paradisiacal innocence and bliss of our first parents. We may not here attempt to measure how far this manner of illustration is consistent with the highest artistic spirit; but none will deny the luxuriance of fancy exhibited. Akin to this, is the vividness of conception of character and circumstance Mr. McClise hardly ever fails to manifest. Hamlet is not our Hamlet: he has too manly a wealth of thews and sinews for the moon-struck lover who would fain lie in Ophelia’s lap, even when on the eve of so stern a trial. But there is prodigious force in the glance which questions the written brow and averted head of the monarch—there is the strength of a life’s revenge in the lips that can scarce keep in the exclamation—

What! frightened with false fire?

there is the impatience of awaiting retribution in the clenched hand, which almost tears what it holds, in the agony of suppressed passion. The countenance and the attitude of the Queen are still finer. She knows not, it will be remembered, the whole hideous truth: her heart is guilty of disloyalty, but not of murder; yet the wild looks and mistimed replies of her son have startled her conscience: that there is mischief in the play before her, she knows, not merely by instinct, but from the gathering hurricane on his brow. But she must sit still and abide the bursting of the storm; and hence, with the gnawing care of heart that looks out of her weary eyes, is combined a passive quiescence, which gives us (as we cannot but think the human Shakespeare meant) a touch of pity, even for one who had sinned so deeply. Not so her guilty partner. Though the play be “a jest,” real are the agonies its presentment engenders. He has forgotten the presence of his wronged son-in-law and nephew, the neighbourhood of the partner of his crime; he is desperate to the point of disregarding the stare of amazement which lights up face after face among the beholders; and, as if in involuntary confession that Gonzago’s acted murder touches him home, the hand that would grasp his brow clutches the edge of his crown. These three figures, of course, support the passion of that extraordinary scene; for the wonder of the bystanders, however nearly it reaches the reality, is but, as it were, a reflection of the emotion of the central group; and Ophelia is as fairly unconscious as one should be, over whom the storm is to burst with double sternness for its suddenness. The courtly imbecility of Polonius has not been well caught; but his shades of folly and gentle bearing are too subtly blended to be told in one attitude by any painter of our, or perhaps of any, time. Horatio’s figure, again, gracefully balances the Queen’s attendant ladies; while the whole design is framed by stern heads of men in mail, which give a grim antiquity to the legend. Two of these above Horatio, are among the finest things in the picture,—we mean the one interpreting the strange trouble of the King to his neighbour, who is that instant caught by his comrade’s suspicion. But we could fill another column with separate portions worthy of praise and enumeration. Enough, that the artist has rarely showed himself so clear of extravagance, or so free from his characteristic hardness of touch and metallic glare of colour. Only one fault strikes us, which appertains to the menacing and doom-like shadow we have already described. By no legerdemain could the head of the victim be reflected in profile upon the curtain, seeing that his full face is turned to the audience. The effect produced is so striking, that we can almost excuse the inaccuracy;

but Mr. McClise is so generally exact in all such details, that we should be more than mortal were we to refuse ourselves the critic’s dear delight, of catching so clever a man tripping. We trust he will continue his vivid and interesting illustrations of Shakspeare. The whole Boydell gallery would hardly furnish so large an evidence of genius as this one picture.

Mr. Redgrave’s *Ophelia* (71) is in close neighbourhood to this clever picture. Doubtful as seems to us the judgment of the hanging committee thus to subject it to such a juxtaposition, the less ambitious work suffers little. Shakspeare’s nymph is here, the lady

Of ladies most deject and wretched,

seated by the fatal stream, in her fantastic garniture of wild flowers. The mournful sweetness of her countenance is disturbed by a light in the eyes and a quivering of the lip, which, more than her disordered attire, declare that Sorrow has done its worst work. We could but think of the incomparable snatches of melody which Shakspeare has put into her mouth, while standing before this attractive figure; which is all the more welcome, as displaying a substantial advance made by its painter.

Passing Mr. Lee’s *Devonshire Scenery* (79), because, though a beautiful landscape, the same objects have been treated in the same manner by the same painter some score of times, and he has better landscapes in less prominent positions,—it grieves us that we cannot also pass Mr. Howard’s *Faith, Hope, and Charity* (84). But the cartoon proclamation is before us, urging us to a close examination of all pictures aspiring to historical honours; and we are bound to declare, that seldom has a sacred subject, in the hands of one who is known to possess a feeling for grace, poetry, and devotion, suffered such sad maltreatment. The composition is not bad, but the drawing and the painting can only be exceeded by those of Mr. Howard’s scriptural composition in the outer room (294), which we heard familiarly, and not unjustly, described as Aaron *bullying* the Plague! The heads are from Mr. Howard’s stock repertory of Pleiads and Syrens: Hope looks upward with an unmeaning and super-sweet smile, which recalls to us Mr. Richter’s water-coloured Dulcinea; while the whole party—herself included—are as clumsy in their contours, as if they had been blotted down for the foreground of one of Mr. Turner’s orange Arcadias. It is grievous, we again repeat, to be compelled to speak thus of so highly-respected an artist as Mr. Howard, but without some such plain dealing, how may we hope to awaken our young men to a conviction that other things are wanting to our school of high art besides government patronage?

Another example of manner pushed to extremity presents itself in Mr. Mulready’s *Ford* (91). Though the background of this rustic group be little better than a sketch, we presume that its general effect may be accepted as the one intended by the artist. Aurora, “the strewer of primroses” according to the poets, might have had a hand in this picture. The trees are yellow, the clay banks are yellow, the water, of course, reflecting these is yellow,—yellow, too, is the hair of the country girl who rides on a king’s cushion made by two yellow-haired laddies, yellow are the shadows of her neck and bosom, and the folds of the draperies of the whole group. Were it engraved, we should admire a certain Doric grace which Mr. Mulready never fails to communicate to his pastoral scenes; but, as the work stands, the extreme affectation of the colouring provokes us into a comparative insensibility to its better qualities. The corner where ‘The Ford’ hangs is rich in pleasing cabinet pictures. Mr. Uwins has a *Maria* (92) and a *Dorothea* (945), which latter, according to the odd principle of arrangement which we have already had occasion to notice, is hung in immediate contact with another *Dorothea* (94), by Mr. Le Jeune.

Mr. E. Landseer’s *Otters and Salmon* (96), though painted with his usual felicity, will interest the general gazer less than his *Highland Shepherd’s Home* (98). It is hardly possible to carry verisimilitude of representation, or of texture, further than in this picture. The fleece of the wether, the plaid curtain and quilt of the crib, with the bunch of heather peeping out from beneath the rough boards of bluff little Donald’s cradle, are all touched with a truth which can hardly be overpraised. But we rate

the powers which have achieved such surpassing excellence in one department too highly, to be contented with the exclusive occupation which their possession seems disposed to assign to them. Year by year the material element seems to encroach upon his pictures. To pass onward for a moment, one of Mr. E. Landseer’s most perfect representations of monkeyhood will be found in his portrait of *Ziva* (141), a badger dog, who is watching, with upturned eyes of tearful wistfulness, the progress made by Pug in the demolition of sundry dainties beyond his reach. The combined expression of profligacy, caution, shrewdness, enjoyment, and possession maintained by the glutton, is a comedy in itself, which brought us back to look and laugh half a score of times. This picture, again, is marvellous, as a piece of sleight of hand, as is, also, the representation of her Majesty’s *Brazilian Monkeys* (145): but the word, unhappily, may be used in its double sense; since, with all their effect, nothing can be more flimsy than the execution of these pictures, as it may be feared Time will prove to their possessors.

Another cabinet attraction of the corner to which we now return, is Mr. Leslie’s scene from *Tuella Night* (97), a group of Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and the peerless Maria. A better moment for a picture might, we think, have been chosen, than the simple introduction of “Good Mrs. Accost,” since crotchets of dialogue, however quaintly turned, cannot be transferred to canvas, and the design, therefore, merely resolves itself into a Falstaff sitting in a chair, a whimsical Bobadil, standing at a short distance, and between them an antichamber Beatrice, looking arch enough to reveal that sharp sayings by the score are in ambush behind her lips. Mr. Leslie’s humour is always fine, his conception of female beauty always sweet, and, where occasion demands, piquant; and the picture is more temperately painted than most exhibited by him for the last few years. Mr. J. J. Chalon’s *Desire* (99), a group of villagers in a boat on a bough-shaded pool, trying to hook in some tantalizing water-lilies, is, also, less exuberant in its greens and vermillions than most of its predecessors: a commendable landscape, which every year will improve. Mr. Simpson’s *Hagar and Ishmael* (103), deserves, we think, a better place than the one on the floor which it occupies. He stands at the antipodes to Mr. Warren, whose *Hagar* we noted, a fortnight ago, as somewhat pedantic in its nationality; for the outcast bondswoman, as here represented, is of no period or country, simply a beautiful woman, with a sad countenance and dishevelled hair, in a desolate landscape, watching a recumbent figure. There is too little of the mother, too little of the outcast, in her sorrow; and we could not but recur to the thoughts and impressions called up by Mr. Wright’s clever water-colour drawing, which we registered a week since—to the want of intensity on the part of our scriptural painters. There are plenty of scenes by Scott, and Boz, and Bulwer, for which their powers well suffice; but it is somewhat dispiriting, that one after another should be convicted of feebleness and superficial conception, when the noblest class of subjects is approached.

Greater than in this ‘Hagar’ is the amount of spirituality thrown by Mr. Collins into a far less pretending composition (104)—a group of Italian peasants kneeling before the Madonna, are commencing a voyage. This is a very beautiful picture after its kind; the story is clearly and pathetically told; the separate figures are characteristic, their combination is picturesque, while an air of poetry is thrown over the whole by a common device of *chiaroscuro*, happily accomplished. This is merely the introduction of two lights, the one from the lantern hanging above the holy image, which casts a benign ray over the expressive countenances of the travellers—the other, the first gleam of day-dawn behind a long range of volcanic hills in the horizon, which throws a pale splendour upon the water, and suggests comfort, and hope, and promise. The stillness of that early hour, too, is over the picture: and, were not a certain muddy streakiness of touch too largely evident in the figures, we should hardly know a point in which its treatment could be amended.

We can but give a line to the portrait of the *Bishop of Durham* (105), by Mr. Briggs, as one of the best portraits in the room. Others on the line, might

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have been placed there to show that the mantle of Lawrence has not fallen on his successors, or that it is not every court-painter who is capable of making a picture. Against Mr. Cooper's *Cavalier* (114) we must put in a caveat, as inferior to the cavaliers he has curiously exhibited—to go no further back than his 'Battle of Croydy Bridge.' Two of Sir D. Wilkie's legacies next claim attention; the portrait of *His Imperial Majesty the Sultan Abdul Meedjid* (117), and the portrait of *His Highness Muhamed Ali* (116), which holds a high place among its artist's works—a first place among his portraits—that of Mrs. Ferguson not forgotten. The character of this resolute troubler of modern Europe is admirably made out. There is force and despotism, not merely in his shrewd eyes and his firm lips, but in the attitude and in the hands which grasp nervously, with scimitar-like fingers, the elbows of his chair. Then, too, the costume lends itself admirably to the artist's purposes. The fez, the flowing white beard, and the ample black dress, compose admirably. It was a refined piece of coquetry, more pardonable in the colourist than warranted by the nature of his subject, to introduce the glass full of innocent flowers so near the sword point of the peremptory Lion of Alexandria: this portrait, even were it not one of the bequests of our greatest modern painters, must have a high interest, both from its subject and its treatment.

It was our intention in commencing this notice to make the tour of the Great Room; but we are now only half-way, and "Paddock calls." We have no choice, then, save to leave the other moiety for next week's ramble.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ITALIAN AND GERMAN OPERA.

It is a new feature in the annals of the musical season (or rather an old one revived), that sundry new Italian operas and *débuts*, should merit no better chronicler than the Gossip. Every night seems of late to have been marked by a new singer, a new quarrel, or a new disappointment. Contemporaneously with the apparition of Madame Ronconi in 'Torquato Tasso,'—the secession of Mario was whispered among the subscribers: the gain, we may add, by no means calculated to make amends for the loss. Then, on Tuesday, in place of a repetition of the ineffective 'Torquato,' we had a warrant of Ronconi's indisposition, and a trial of a Signor Bordini, who is an English baritone, Italianized, we fear, to little purpose. In the same breath with the talked-of production of Mercadante's 'Bravo,' a tale was travelling to and fro, that, owing to the anticipated indisposition of Signora Frezzolini on the occasion, overtures to Miss Kemble would be made. This is all very disastrous; nor the less so because it might have been expected. From the moment when we learned that the engagements were concluded without the cognizance of or consulting with Signor Costa, the admirable director of our Italian music, we were sure that from such an ill-advised beginning, no good could result. Whether, in any event, the new singers and the newest music of Italy could make themselves acceptable to the English public has been a matter concerning which we have always entertained grave doubts. It is clear that, now, they have not even a chance. The chasm between Carlotta Grisi and Cerrito is very prettily stopped by Guy Stephan, who appears in a ballet from Auber's piquant 'Famécé,' of no great 'mark or likelihood.'

The German Opera season has commenced, as usual, with the largest possible promises. There are some changes in the composition of the *corps*. Herr Lachner the younger (that none may confound our present guest with the symphonist) is the director. Herr Eichberger is the tenor; as far as voice goes, far inferior to Herr Tichatschek, and a Fraulein Gned replaces Madame Schumann, who now makes one of a German company in Paris—with the spherical Madame Walker as *prima donna*. The French, by the way, seem overawed by the lady's size into admiring her dramatic energy: nothing could be coarser than voice, manner, and action, as we recollect them when exhibited in London some years ago. To leave digression—Staudigl is again here, and *Die Lutzer* is promised: also Spontini's 'Vestale,' as the first novelty. For this we are impatient, having the highest admiration of its music, as dramatic and richly wrought.

FRENCH PLAYS.—We must not forget to say, "Good bye, and many thanks," to Mdlle. Plessy, who returns to Paris, and to her "Verre d'Eau," leaving her throne to a worthy successor, the Empress of Farce and Frolic—lively, ugly, audacious, shrill-voiced, incomparable Dejazet! If we have not reported more minutely upon the progress universally admitted to have been made by Mars' successor, the fault is not ours, seeing that more than one attempt to see the Plessy, has ended in one of the hindmost seats in one of the cavernous side-boxes of the St. James's Theatre, to which not a smile of the actress, not a word of Molière or Marivaux could penetrate.

Lord Howe's ANCIENT CONCERT seemed to us a more legitimate entertainment than either of its predecessors. There was less scrap-work: and some of the selected pieces were eminently interesting. We do not allude to the opening of 'Israel in Egypt'; magnificent though that is, it is familiar to us all; but Elliot's glee, 'Come, see what pleasures,' was charming of its kind: Dr. Tye's funeral motett affectingly grave and solemn; and the selection from 'Orfeo' a treat of the highest order. Manfully as Mr. Bennett wrestled with this music, it is beyond and above his voice, and should have been kept for Duprez, if there be any hope of that splendid artist arriving in time to appear at one of these entertainments: no inevitable feebleness, however, on the part of the artist could dim the lustre or destroy the force of the music. Every new hearing of Gluck raises him higher in our estimation, and strengthens our desire to see his grand operas produced as they deserve. Why should not the new Covent Garden management consider this? their introduction to the English stage, some time or other, is a thing as certain as the unextinguishable fame of our Shakespeare. We must not, in this hasty enumeration of the interesting features of this concert, pass over Miss Birch's singing of Beethoven's 'Ah perfido!' as the best piece of declamation and singing we have heard from her: and free from the faults of style against which we recently remonstrated. Nor, though we have praised Lord Howe, and his right-hand man Mr. Turle, for their repudiation of the scrap system, can we avoid exclaiming against their mutilation of Viotti's violin concerto. How little of this was played by Mr. Blagrove we have no means of knowing, but little enough seriously to discontent us, alike on the score of pleasure or principle.

The PHILHARMONIC CONCERT of Monday, offered but few matters for comment. Nevertheless, we could not withhold our astonishment at the rapidity with which the band was hurried through Beethoven's Symphony in F, by Mr. Lucas:—the full gallop at which the overture to 'Euryanthe' was driven, was less destructive of that passionate and fiery composition. But are these things always to be discretionary? They are not so in the country for which German music was written: and why a quick or slow Englishman should be allowed, unmolested, privileges undreamed of by Berliner or Viennese, is a riddle for the Sphinx, not the *Athenæum* to solve. The solos were interesting. Mr. Pirkhart, the newest pianoforte player, seems to proceed on principles diametrically opposite to those brought into fashion by Thalberg and Liszt. Accordingly he gave us a delicate miniature edition of Beethoven's concerto in c minor; where even the magnificent cadence appended to it by Moscheles, shrunk into small proportions, owing to the smallness of his tone, and the filagree minuteness of his finger. M. Cavallini, the other solo-player, though content to exhibit himself in wretched music, is a much more extraordinary artist. Indeed, it is a question whether anything like his roundness of tone, volubility, firmness, and exquisite finish, have ever been heard on his instrument. Miss Kemble earned new laurels, by her singing of the *scena* from 'Der Freischütz,' which the Germans in our neighbourhood were ecstatically applauding, as the most splendid delivery of that fine composition they had ever heard; and it is a case in which their praise is better worth recording than ours.

QUARTETT CONCERTS.—At the last of Messrs. Blagrove & Co.'s quartett concerts, the principal novelty was a sextet in F sharp minor, by Mr. W. S. Bennett. It is our intention to take an early opportunity of speaking of the works of this clever and

successful young composer.—so that to advert to the characteristics of the single piece in question would be, to anticipate remarks demanding "amplifier room." To one, however, we may not again have so good an opportunity of referring: which is, the peculiar manner in which the stringed instruments and the pianoforte are combined. They move too antagonistically; that is, in distinct and separate operations: first, all the five, then the piano—or, *vice versa*; and hence, in spite of much solidity of idea, that solidity of tissue is not obtained, which, if not indispensable, is most welcome on such occasions. Nor is this incompatible with the most felicitous display of the solo powers of each instrument: as Beethoven's quintett for wind instruments will most familiarly attest. The disjointed effect produced by Mr. Bennett's mode of contrivance was further heightened by the manner in which his work was performed—all his companions seeming resolutely to avoid those responses and imitations of style, without which there is no grace, nor expression, nor completeness, in concerted music. We cannot pass this Quartett Concert, without a word to the credit of Mr. Howell's double-bass playing. He is one of the instrumentalists we ought to be proud of:—we must also do honour to the great improvement made by Miss Dolby: whose singing of an air from Mozart's 'Idomeneo' and a song by Schubert (not his best), was excellent, being forcible and coloured. A certain homeliness of pronunciation got rid of, this young lady may attain to the highest rank of English singers.

The minor concerts go on, and, we hope, prosper. Since our last, there have been held, one by Miss Orger, the daughter of the charming comic actress, and a very fair pianiste of classical music—one by the Misses Pyne, who will do wisely in keeping closely together, as their duett singing is one of the *nearest* things we have recently had an opportunity of hearing. We chanced a few days ago to stumble upon their performance of Clari's pretty and quaint *duetto di camera* 'Cantando un di,' and nothing could be more even, more fresh, or better finished. Singly, they will, of course, be less significant in these days of high accomplishment. Mr. Blewitt's Concert is the third we have to note as having taken place. The statelier benefit entertainments commenced yesterday with *Madame Caradori Allan's*, on which we shall next week report. But nothing announced as in preparation, not even Thalberg's reappearance after his farewell—the *avator* of Duprez—or the return of Liszt, "with all his blushing honours thick upon him," touches us more closely than the promise of three quartett concerts, to be given by MM. Molique, Mohr, and Hausmann. These will, probably, give the Londoners a better idea of high German style in chamber music than any entertainments they have enjoyed for many years.

MR. and MISS DORRELL, Professors at the Royal Academy of Music, have the honour to announce that their MORNING CONCERT will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Thursday, June 2, 1842, under distinguished Patronage. The Orchestra will be on the most extensive Scale, under the direction of Mr. W. STRESDALE BENNETT. Leader, Mr. F. CRAMER. Further particulars will be duly announced. Tickets, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had at all the principal Music-shops; and of Mr. and Miss DORRELL, 45, Warren-Street, Fitzroy-Square.

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Paris Academy of Sciences.—April 4.—M. Siguer read a paper on the means of preventing the explosion of boilers in steam vessels, or of confining the effects of such explosions, when they do occur, within very circumscribed limits. He recommends, as a general principle, that the boilers should be composed of many distinct parts (tubes), so that in the event of the rupture of any one portion, there may be no injury beyond the engine-room, and that the metal of which they are composed should be thin, in order that it may not be deprived of its tenacity in the process of manufacture; and he insists upon strict attention being paid to their shape, which should, he says, be spherical, cylindrical, or conical, as being

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The completeness which a Biographical Dictionary should aim at, consists in comprising the names of all persons who deserve a notice, and not in containing very elaborate lives of distinguished persons, and omitting those of little importance. There are, indeed, many names so conspicuous that, though they are among the most familiar of all names, they will still require a very particular notice. There are other names which will also require to be treated at some length, though within narrower limits; but there is a large class of names of persons obscurely known, of whom a very short notice will be sufficient. This last class consists chiefly of writers or persons not engaged in public affairs; and these are the names about which it is the most difficult to obtain any information. If a man would obtain the little that can be known, or that he may wish to know of such persons, he must often obtain it at a cost of time and labour disproportionate to the value of the information. Such names, if recorded anywhere, peculiarly belong to a Biographical Dictionary; but it will generally be sufficient to state the time of the birth and death, and the titles of the works of these persons, with the addition of a remark or two, wherever that can be done, which shall correctly characterize their labours.

The obscurer names are not confined to any period, but perhaps those of persons who lived in what are called the Middle Ages, will form a large number out of the whole. Some of these names called obscure, are only obscure to us because of our ignorance; and it is not inconsistent with the object of a Biographical Dictionary to rescue them from oblivion, and to place them in their proper rank. The names of some of our own countrymen belong to this class of almost forgotten persons.

It being essential to a Biographical Dictionary, as the term is here understood, to aim at completeness in the selection of names, this must be the answer to any objection which may be made by those to whom the present work shall seem to contain many names of little note. Those which will seem names of little note to some people, will not seem so to all; and names of little note in themselves, are of some importance when viewed in connexion with any branch of Science, Literature, or Art. An example will explain this.

Pliny, Pausanias, and other Greek and Roman writers, have preserved the names, and have described the great works of numerous Painters, Sculptors, and Architects. Of Greek painting not a specimen remains of the best ages; but yet we may collect, from the records of Ancient Writers, sufficient to enable us to judge with considerable accuracy of the style of their Artists, of their choice of subjects, and of their method of treating them. Many of the finest specimens of ancient sculpture and architecture still remain, and some of them can be referred to their true authors. Every person will expect to find in a Biographical Dictionary the *Lives* of those great Artists whose names and whose labours have been transmitted to our times; but a Painter, a Sculptor, or an Architect, may reasonably expect to find also some short notices of those of inferior merit; and from such notices he will often derive valuable information, which he must otherwise look for in numerous passages of many Authors.

A collection of Biographies, arranged in alphabetical order, is not a systematic work; it has not, as a whole, any connexion with any branch of Science or Literature; it is merely an arrangement of matter made for general convenience. But this arrangement has its uses, as every one knows who consults an Encyclopædia or other similar work of reference.

A Biographical Dictionary may, however, be used for other purposes than that of merely referring to it for individual lives. The lives of men who were contemporary and in certain relations to one another, as political personages, teachers of philosophy, and writers generally, or the lives of personages who are in a certain relation of succession to one another, as kings of the same dynasty, may be selected out of the alphabetical order, and so read for the purpose of comparison, or for the purpose of combining the information contained in several lives, that is, for the purpose of historical study. In order to facilitate this use of the Dictionary, the last volume will contain tables of kings and other public personages, who are related to one another in the order of succession; and it will also contain certain synchronistic tables which will exhibit in their relations of time those personages who have had the chief influence on the course of human affairs and on the progress of knowledge.

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